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American Humorists—VIII

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN

Eighteen years ago George W. Peck spent several weeks at Pasadena, and a more jocund fellow I have never met. Although he had been a newsboy and a printer and the owner of an obscure newspaper twelve years before with no great political or financial ambition, his *Bad Boy* (Peck's *Bad Boy*) had run up the circulation of *Peck's Sun* (of Milwaukee) from 10,000 to 120,000 and the other bad boys of the United States had bought 280,000 copies of the book, and the author owned a stately residence and other fine property in Milwaukee and the people had turned out and elected him Governor of Wisconsin. For about a year, say in 1880-81, *Peck's Bad Boy*, either in book or newspaper, was the favorite over all others. It was a different kind of humor than had ever been handed out and although often coarse, and sometimes vulgar, it made the boys and girls and also their parents laugh. What the bad boy said concerning King Solomon and his wives is presented:

"What are you sitting there like a bump on a log for?" asked the groceryman of the bad boy—as the youth had sat on a box for half an hour, with his hands in his pockets, looking at a hole in the floor until his eyes were set like a dying horse. "What are you thinking of anyway? It seems to me boys set around and think more than they used to when I was a boy," and the groceryman brushed the wilted lettuce and shook it and tried to make it stand up stiff and crisp before he put it out of doors, but the contrary lettuce, which had been picked the day before, looked so tired that the boy noticed it.

"That lettuce reminds me of a girl. Yesterday I was in here when it was new, like the girl going to the picnic, and it was fresh, and proud, and starched up, and kitteny, and full of life, and as sassy as a girl starting out for a picnic. Today it has got back from the picnic, and like the girl the starch is all taken out, and it is limber, and languid, and tired, and it can't stand up alone, and it looks as though it wanted to be laid at rest beside the rotten apples in the alley, rather than be set out in front of the store to be sold to honest people and give them the gangrene in the liver," and the boy put on a health commissioner air that frightened the groceryman and he threw the lettuce out of the back door.

"You never mind about my lettuce," said the groceryman. "I can attend to my affairs. But now tell me what you were thinking about here all the morning."

"I was thinking what a fool King Solomon was," said the boy with the air of one who has made a statement that has got to be argued pretty strong to make it hold water.

"Now, look a here," said the groceryman in anger, "I have stood it to have you play tricks on me and have listened to your condemned foolishness without a murmur as long as you have confined yourself to people now living, but when you attack Solomon, the wisest man, the great king, and call him a fool friendship ceases and you must get out of this store. Solomon, in all his glory, is a friend

of mine, and no fool boy is going to abuse him in my presence. Now you dry up!"

"Sit down on the ice-box," said the boy to the groceryman. "What you need is rest. You are overworked. Your alleged brain is equal to the wilted lettuce, and it can devise ways and means to hide rotten peaches under good ones so as to sell them to blind orphans, but when it comes to grasping great questions, your small brain cannot comprehend them. Your brain may go up sidewise to a great question and rub against it, but it cannot surround it and grasp it. That's where you are deformed. Now, it is different with me. I can raise brain to sell to you grocerymen. Listen. This Solomon is credited with being the wisest man, and history says he had a thousand wives. Just think of it. You have got one, and pa has got one, and all the neighbors have one, if they have had any kind of luck. Does not one wife make you pay attention? Wouldn't two wives break you up? Wouldn't three cause you to see stars? How would ten strike you? Why, man alive, you do not grasp the magnitude of the statement that Solomon had a thousand wives—a thousand wives, standing side by side, would reach four blocks. Marching by fours it would take them twenty minutes to pass a given point. The largest summer resort hotel only holds 500 people, so Sol would have had to hire two such hotels if he took his wives out for a day in the country. If you would stop to think once in a while you would know more."

The groceryman's eyes had begun to stick out as the bad boy had continued, as though the statistics had never been brought to his attention before, but he was bound to stand by his old friend Solomon, and he said: "Well, Solomon's wives must have been different from our wives of the present day."

"Not much," said the boy as he saw that he was paralyzing the groceryman. "Women have been about the same ever since Eve. She got mashed on the old original dude, and it stands to reason that Solomon's wives were no better than the mother of the human race. Statistics show that one woman out of every ten is red-headed. That would give Solomon an even hundred of red-headed wives. Just that hundred red-headed wives would be enough to make an ordinary man think that there was a land that is fairer than this. Then there would be, out of the other nine hundred, about three hundred blondes, and the other six hundred would be brunettes, and maybe he had a few albinos, and bearded women, and fat women and dwarfs. Now these thousand women had appetites, desires for dress and style, the same as all women. Imagine Solomon saying to them, 'Girls, let's all go down to the ice-cream saloon and have a dish of ice-cream.' Can you, with your brain muddled with codfish and new potatoes, realize the scene that would follow? Suppose, after Solomon's broom brigade had got seated in the ice-creamery, one of the red-headed wives should catch Solomon winking at another strange girl at another table. You may think that Solomon did not know enough to wink, or that he was not that kind of a flirt, but he *must* have been or he never would have succeeded in marrying a thousand wives in a sparsely settled country. No sir, it looks to me as though Solomon, in all his glory, was an old masher, and from what I have seen of men being bossed around with one wife, I

don't envy Solomon his thousand. Why just imagine that gang of wives going and ordering fall bonnets. Solomon would have to be a King, or a Vanderbilt to stand it. Ma wears five dollar silk stockings and pa kicks awfully when the bill comes in. Imagine Solomon putting up for a few thousand pairs of silk stockings. I am glad you will sit down and reason with me in a rational way about some of these Bible stories that take my breath away. The minister stands me off when I try to talk with him about such things and tells me to study the parable of the Prodigal Son, and the deacons tell me to go and soak my head. There is darn little encouragement for a boy to try and figure out things. How would you like to have a thousand red-headed wives come into the store this minute and tell you they wanted you to send carriages around to the house at three o'clock so that they could go for a drive? Or how would you like to have a hired girl come rushing in and tell you to send up 600 doctors because 600 of your wives had been taken with cholera morbus? Or—"

"Oh, don't mention it," said the groceryman with a shudder. "I wouldn't take Solomon's place and be the natural protector of a thousand wives if anybody should give me the earth. Think of getting up in a cold winter morning and building a thousand fires. Think of a thousand pair of hands in a fellow's hair! Boy, you have shown me that Solomon needed a guardian over him. He didn't have sense."

"Yes," says the boy, "and think of two thousand feet, each one as cold as a brick of chocolate ice-cream. A man would want a back as big as the fence to the fair ground. But I don't want to harrow up your feelings. I must go and put some arnica on pa. He has got home and says he has been to a summer resort on a vacation, and he is all covered with blotches. He says it is mosquito bites, but ma thinks he has been shot full of bird shot by some watermelon farmer. Ma hasn't got any sympathy for pa because he didn't take her along, but if she had been there she would have been filled with bird shot too. But you mustn't detain me. Between pa and the baby I have got all I can attend to. The baby is teething and ma makes me put my fingers in the baby's mouth to help it cut teeth. That is a humiliating position for a boy a big as I am. Say, how many babies do you figure that Solomon had to buy rubber teething rings for, in all his glory?"

And the boy went out leaving the groceryman reflecting on what a family Solomon must have had, and how he needed to be the wisest man to get along without a circus, afternoon and evening.

The Russian Douma is now known as the Skidooma.

Wife, (on her return home)—"Have you noticed that my husband missed me very much while I was away, Liese?"

Maid—"Well, I didn't notice it so much at first, but yesterday he seemed to be in despair."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

"You have a model husband," said the lady who was congratulating the bride.

The next day the bride bethought her to look up the word "model" in the dictionary, and this is what she found: MODEL—A small imitation of the real thing.—*Philistine*.

"Yes; I am going abroad at once. I gotta go."

"Oh, you mustn't let the doctors scare you."

"I got this from a lawyer."—*Washington Herald*.

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Matters of Moment

Although the Scotch verdict "not proven" has no place in American law, juries frequently render such a verdict. Two cases in point are the outcome of the Haywood trial in Idaho and the Glass trial in San Francisco.

Scotch Verdicts.

Haywood was acquitted because the prosecution could offer no evidence other than that of the infamous Harry Orchard, that Haywood had a hand in plotting the murder of Ex-Governor Steunenberg. Thousands there are who believe that Haywood knew all about Orchard's crimes but at the vital point of substantiating Orchard, the State failed to make good its case.

From the time of the arrest of Haywood various interests and agencies have been active in furthering the idea that there was involved in this cause problems affecting the relations of labor and capital. To the end of the trial, this notion was sedulously fostered, and in announcing the acquittal of Haywood, the Los Angeles Examiner, which is for the labor unions in a cowardly, skulking manner, announced that "union labor had won a great victory." If that was a "victory" it was like unto that of Pyrrhus of old.

The trial of Haywood was on a charge of murder, not because he was an official of the Western Federation of Miners. True, had he been convicted, the Western Federation would have been discredited more than it has by the confession of Harry Orchard. The main point was, "who plotted to kill Steunenberg." A jury of Idaho farmers, apparently free from union influence, has decided that the charge against Haywood was not based on facts. These men discredited Orchard and gave Haywood the benefit of the doubt. To their verdict the people will bow, be their thoughts about Haywood's complicity what they may. If the trades unions are wise they will remember that it was Haywood who was tried; not unionism. But having seen many of the antics of trades unionists and having some knowledge of the peculiar workings of the union-saturated brain, we are harassed with doubts as to whether the radical unionists will accept this as true.

In the Glass trial five jurors gave the accused the benefit of the doubt and voted for acquittal.

Of course one who reads the newspaper accounts of a trial never gets the thorough understanding of the evidence and all its bearings as do those who hear every word that is spoken. Mr. Heney, in discussing this case, bowed to the opinions of the jurors but the San Francisco Call (Spreckels) and Bulletin (Phelan) belabored the five jurors for their action. From a close reading of the proceedings of the trial, as telegraphed to the Times and the Examiner, it would appear that Heney failed to link the bribery of the supervisors with Glass. This, Heney undoubtedly recognizes. It is all very easy for the critics of the jury to say that "Glass must have known," yet in court it must be proved that Glass *did* know and that he provided the money. You cannot hang a man or send him to the penitentiary on what any man *thinks*; it can only be done on testimony "beyond reasonable doubt." So, as in the Haywood trial, the verdict of the jury (which was no verdict at all) must be taken as the Scotch verdict of "not proven."

If nothing else, the latest Los Angeles murder demonstrated that most of the daily newspaper men do not understand the meaning of the term "unwritten law."

Unwritten Law. This killing contained none of the elements which have brought this term into being. It was just a brutal, cold-blooded shooting, done by a jealous woman. Mrs. Estelle Corwell, or Mrs. Schofield, or whatever may be the name of the revolver wielder, shot and killed George T. Bennett, who had deserted his wife to live with the woman who slew him. George Bennett probably deserved killing although not for the reason that brought about his death. The Corwell woman shot because she heard that Bennett intended to marry another.

The community is to be congratulated on the outcome of this killing. Society is just as well off without George Bennett being alive; and as the Corwell woman will probably receive a life sentence, the community's moral tone will be improved by her withdrawal behind the walls of San Quentin.

Another person to be congratulated is the

woman George Bennett intended to marry. His previous career had not been such as to inspire my belief that her status would have been improved by marrying him.

Now some of the dailies insist that "the unwritten law" may be invoked to save the Corwell woman from punishment. How? "The unwritten law" as we understand it, is the term applied when the betrayer of a girl or woman is shot by a close relation of the offended party. There is no parallel between the squalid Corwell case—in which the slayer would undoubtedly be hanged were her sex different—and the recent cases not only in the south but in Los Angeles in which an implied appeal to the unwritten law has been effective.

Sacramento and its citizens are entitled to first honors for the possession of "nerve." The National Irrigation Congress meets in the capital city in September and Sacramento wants \$50,000 with which to entertain the visitors. To raise this sum, **Splendid Nerve.** Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade of Southern California are being invited to send delegates and committees on this-that-and-the-other—also *cash*. The delegates and the committees do not appear to be the prime requisite—that honor is reserved for coin of the realm.

The first question that strikes the average man is, "What do they want with \$50,000?" It cost Los Angeles far less to entertain the Shriners—a Fiesta costs less. Are the Sacramento enthusiasts preparing to give each irrigationist a suit of clothes, a gold watch and a gold-headed cane? Or is this irrigation event planned to be a champagne irrigation affair, with 10,000 large, cold "bots" at the generous retail price of \$5 per "bot," or still more cold "bots" at case prices.

Chiefly, however, the invitation on the part of Sacramento is remarkable as a sublime exhibition of nerve. Is it out of place to ask the Sacramentans how much they have ever contributed towards the many entertainment funds that have been raised in Southern California, and what their answer would be had Southern California ever had the assurance to ask for such contributions?

From the Inside

XI.

Reception of the Mistrial of Louis Glass—The Prosecution's Bitter Disappointment Voiced by the *Call*, Who Labels the Five Dissenting Jurymen "Infamous"—The Spreckels-Heney Structure of Prosecution Likely to Collapse, Owing to Alleged Invalidity of the Grand Jury—Hopes of a Business Administration and the Approaching Political Campaign—Spreckels Hits Back at the Olympic Club—"Organized Labor's" Incitement to Murder.

San Francisco, July 30th.

The failure of the jury in the Glass trial to arrive at a verdict was anticipated. During the forty-seven hours they were closeted at the Fairmont Hotel in their deliberation, nine men out of ten in their speculations prophesied a "hung" jury. It was a bitter pill for the prosecution to swallow, and Spreckels, Heney and Burns are not taking their medicine with good grace. The *Call*, the morning organ of the prosecution, denounces in unmeasured terms the five jurors who refused to convict Louis Glass on what they deemed insufficient evidence. Although their failure to be convinced by the testimony of the self-confessed criminal supervisors, most of whom admitted on the witness-stand their previous perjury, is shared by innumerable honest citizens, the *Call* accuses these five jurors of "sympathy with crime." The *Call* refuses to admit that there could have been any honest doubt in the minds of these jurymen or that the chain of evidence was not complete; it brands them one and all as infamous. In the meantime, however, each of these twelve jurymen, whether he voted for or against Glass's conviction, doubtless is conscious of a public duty, arduous and invidious, well performed.

What of public sentiment? It seems to me that most men are glad that Glass has not been convicted. Few, if any, I suppose, question the fact that someone paid Ruef and the supervisors large sums of money on account of promised favor to the Pacific States Telephone & Telegraph Company. Why then the general satisfaction at Glass's escape? It is, I think, because men realize that the prosecution for selfish reasons, has chosen to put "the cart before the horse." There is wide-spread resentment against the prosecution's plan of campaign aimed so obviously against the "men higher up," and their willingness to whitewash those who were responsible for the holdup of the corporations. If honest men had been in power there would have been no occasion for the stooping of corporations to the time-honored but vile practice of retaining a political boss as their legal representative. From the first, as soon as the prosecution showed its hand—its anxiety to concentrate its efforts against the big fellows—dispassionate observers have deplored its willingness to let loose any of the political highwaymen who would give it ammunition against the corporations. The people of California have so long been complacent to the system by which corporations obtain favors at the hands of legislatures, boards of supervisors and city councils, that when, as in San Francisco's case, not only corporations but individuals found it necessary to "do business with" Ruef, if they wanted to do any business at all, their sympathy naturally inclines more towards the men who were held up than to the highwaymen. The policy of Spreckels and Heney has been to whitewash the political highwaymen as soon as they enlist under their banner.

Glass's second trial is to commence next Monday and at this rate the process of the prosecution will be interminable. Louis Glass says: "I am not satisfied with the verdict. I expected that I would be acquitted, but I do not want to say anything now. This is my first trial; maybe after I have been tried eight or ten times I shall talk more freely."

Grand Jury's Disqualification.

But in the meanwhile it looks very much as if the whole foundation of the prosecution's structure is likely to fall to pieces. Until the question of the validity of the present Grand Jury is ruled upon by the Supreme Court the prosecution is practically at a standstill. An opinion handed down last Friday by Judge Carroll Cook, of the Superior Court, brings this question to a definite issue. Judge Cook reviewed exhaustively the law governing the impaneling and the period of session of a grand jury. The contention made by nearly all the persons indicted by the present Grand Jury, including both corporation officials and seven men arrested in connection with the car strike, is that its acts since February, 1907, are invalid, since the same body of men were held over from the venire for 1906, contrary to law. Judge Cook quotes two decisions in the Supreme Court which rule that a grand jury constituted in any other manner than prescribed by statute is without legal warrant. Perhaps his most important citation is that of Justice Myrick's opinion in which the latter said; "The question of the statute is that the persons selected 'shall serve for one year, etc.', and 'to serve as grand jurors during the ensuing year.' I do not think that the word 'serve' has the significance that they are liable to be drawn during the year and serve afterwards but rather if they serve at all it was to be *within a year*."

It is this contention, which, until decided by the Supreme Court, puts an insuperable obstruction before the prosecution.

Here again the prosecution, in its breathless anxiety to carry all before it, seems to have let its horses run away with it.

Both Judge Cook's opinion and the mistrial of the Glass case are serious blows of disappointment to Spreckels and Heney. In many other directions also their plans have gone wrong. Mayor Taylor was not able to persuade any of the labor leaders to take seats on the new Board of Supervisors. The labor leaders are disgruntled with the trend affairs have taken. They formed their unholy alliance with Spreckels in the confident belief that he was to carry all before him, that he would land their, and his, enemy-in-chief, Patrick Calhoun, in jail, that the allied efforts of the prosecution and the labor unions would win the car strike, and that the labor unions would continue in command of both the industries and the politics of San Francisco. Spreckels played their game as long as he could but at last when public indignation against

the prosecution's plan of compromise with the boodlers and keeping them in office became too strong, he and his colleagues were driven to their last resort—appointing an honest and respected man to the head office of the city.

End of the "Good Dogs."

That the Spreckels prosecution was willing to go to any length to make the boodling supervisors "good dogs," provided it could secure their confessions and use them against those "higher up," is demonstrated once more by the remarkable letter addressed to the supervisors by their attorney, Hugh M. Owens. According to Owens, the verbal contracts of immunity entered into between Heney, Langdon and Spreckels, and the various supervisors, carried with them the proviso that the members of the Board should be allowed to serve out their terms of office unmolested. Owens advised his clients that under their contract they could not be compelled to resign nor could any statement or confession or testimony given by them be used against them. Nevertheless Owens advised the supervisors to resign on the grounds of "good citizenship." In any event, District Attorney Langdon expressed his confidence that the big stick had not lost its power over the "good dogs" and that they would be compelled to run in whichever direction it was pointed.

Chance For A Business Administration.

It is impossible to prophesy what the fate of the present municipal government will be. Many good lawyers contend that the statutes are so conflicting that in their opinion Schmitz is still mayor of the city. The latter, although now both in jail and quarantine, doubtless will appoint new supervisors, and until some ruling is obtained from the courts the situation will continue to be chaotic. Such circumstances are lamentable because for the first time in many years San Francisco has in Mayor Taylor and his appointees on the Board of Supervisors an admirable force. If there were no complications it would now be possible for the business men of San Francisco to give this city a much needed lesson. San Francisco has almost forgotten what good government means, what it is for the municipal works to be in the hands of able and upright men. It is probably, however, that Dr. Taylor and his supervisors will have a sufficiently clear field to hold the works and under their administration law, order, decency and efficiency may once more hold sway.

Abortive Peace Conference.

The Industrial Peace Conference thoroughly lived up to my prediction of last week. Learned essays were read, men of distinguished reputation, including a cabinet minister, lent the grace of their presence and their wisdom, but as far as the industrial difficulties which upset San Francisco are concerned the

situation is not a whit clearer for the passing of the Peace Conference. And this was only to be expected. When the managers of the conference deliberately stultified themselves by withdrawing the invitation to Calhoun and his colleagues on a miserable subterfuge, they sacrificed the confidence of fair-minded men and prepared the way for the abortiveness of their sessions.

Approach of the Campaign.

How will San Francisco strive to redeem her reputation at the next election, for which politicians already are plotting with their usual vigor and about which the good citizen is as usual more or less somnolent? The primaries are less than two weeks distant. The total primary registration of 60,000 electors shows an increase of 10,000 over the whole registration in 1906. A large primary poll should mean a large independent vote. It is almost certain that the administration of San Francisco will not be surrendered again to the incompetent and dishonest labor leaders for many years to come. Among these leaders an incorruptible man is conspicuous by his loneliness. Today the position that Walter Macarthur, of the Sailors' Union and editor of the *Seamen's Journal* holds, is unique. He is trusted by the community as well as by his fellows. In strong contrast with P. H. McCarthy, recently re-elected president of the Building Trades Council, Macarthur's sincerity is unquestioned.

San Francisco's greatest hope of a clean and strong municipal government lies in its escape from class damnation and in espousing the only sensible and safe standard in municipal affairs— independence from party politics or class rule. If Mayor Taylor and his supervisors are not hampered by legal tangles and are given a clear field in which they may reap a good harvest, the wisest thing to do would be to keep the whole outfit of them in office. But that would be too good to be true. "Labor" will not surrender its political power without the severest struggle.

Spreckelsian Spite.

As an aftermath of the enthusiastic reception given to Patrick Calhoun at the Olympic Club comes the announcement that the First National Bank, of which Rudolph Spreckels is president, has summarily called in its loan of \$40,000 made nine months ago to the club. Mr. Spreckels tries to shift any responsibility for the action of his bank, but his denial is not explicit nor is it believed by anybody. That Calhoun is the one man against whom he has centered all the efforts of his animosity and ambitions for the past two years, should have been the recipient of so signal a demonstration in the club of which he himself is a member, and to which his bank had shown favor, was quite too much for the Spreckels feelings. The Olympic Club has been somewhat embarrassed in the rebuilding of its clubhouse on ambitious and expensive lines, and although no difficulty is anticipated in replacing the loan, there is a great deal of resentment against Spreckels for this latest demonstration of his hatred for Calhoun. It is regarded as a declaration on Rudolph's part that no man can be a friend both of himself and of his hated enemy, and an intimation that he will do his utmost to punish anybody who dares to show admiration for the president of the United Railroads.

But the feud between Spreckels and Calhoun is regarded by such average citizens as members of the Olympic Club as of entirely secondary importance to the prosperity of San Francisco, and incidentally their own well-being. Such men realize the enormous service that the

United Railroads has rendered San Francisco in restoring street car service against great odds, and for upsetting the aggravating, indeed, intolerable domination of labor unions in the industries of this city. Calhoun's championship of the open shop is indeed recognized by thoughtful men as the first great hope of industrial freedom, and, therefore, of restoration of true prosperity.

Incitement to Murder.

One of the innumerable labor union publications has been flooding the city with sheets from its issue of July 20. This is Supervisor Tveitmoe's organ and is known as *Organized Labor*, "the Official Organ of the State and Local Building Trades Council of California." This sheet, which, it would seem, should have been suppressed by the police, contains a direct incitement to murder. It quotes "Watson's Editorials"—presumably the effusions of Tom Watson, of Georgia. In an article headed, *Patrick Calhoun; Criminal*, and with a mourning border, it says: "Of course he ought to be sent to the penitentiary. In fact a man who devotes his whole life to evil as Patrick Calhoun has done ought to be put to death. We punish with the extreme penalty of the law many a man whose crimes do less harm to society than is inflicted upon us by such persistent lawbreakers as Patrick Calhoun."

The same organ, to demonstrate its utter unreliability, and that its mission is simply inflammatory, says: "Calhoun knows that the carmen's strike is won but stubbornly refuses to acknowledge it or to settle with the unions." As a matter of fact the United Railroads no longer recognizes any strike nor does a majority of the people. The carmen's strike is irrevocably lost; it is a thing of the past. As for settlements with the unions, Calhoun settled with them, once and forever, just about fourteen weeks ago.

Unions Riding For A Fall.

The Building Trades Council, P. H. McCarthy president and Supervisor Tveitmoe, adviser-in-chief, still refuses to accede to the proposals made by the Master Builders and Realty Board. The men who want to rebuild San Francisco as speedily as possible realize that, under existing conditions—paying such abnormal wages as the building trades demand—capital is not forthcoming. As long as a building which costs \$600,000 in New York costs \$1,000,000 in San Francisco, capital will remain on strike. The Builders Exchange and the Realty Board asked for a reasonable reduction in certain wages and expressed their willingness to enter into a three years' contract under such modifications. In refusing such terms organized labor is once more being led to slaughter by foolish shepherds. The refusal will simply mean that contractors will put down the bars and employ non-union labor at reasonable terms—another big brick in the foundations of the open shop. Bricklayers at eight dollars for half a day's real work will soon be only a remembrance. But as long as P. H. McCarthy can continue to increase his already considerable fortune by duping his blind followers, so long will he and his ilk continue senseless agitation.

The "Mild Mannered Man."

Lincoln Steffens, the eminent magazinist, contributes to the *American Magazine*, the first of a series of articles he is projecting on San Francisco. It is somewhat significant that Steffens devotes his initial treatise, not to the cancer at the heart of San Francisco, not to the aggressiveness and oppression of labor unionism, but to hero worship. The terribly



"HENNEY FIGHTING THE APACHES"

From the *American Magazine*

vital issues that for months have been vexing and undermining the city by the Golden Gate are brushed aside to make room for a somewhat blunt panegyric of Francis J. Henney. It is blunt in that it does not gloss some of Henney's faults and bad habits. Steffens tells us frankly that Henney has been too fond of brawling and of the bottle, but nevertheless enthrones "Frank" as a demi-god of political purity and militant righteousness. To those of us who have watched the progress of the graft investigation during the last two months, and who have studied Francis Henney's career and his methods, it would appear that Lincoln Steffens, accomplished and experienced scribe that he is, has fallen a willing victim to Henney's hypnotic eye. Nobody questions Henney's pugnacity, but neither will any unprejudiced person doubt his prowess as a browbeater and a braggart. Steffens's illustrator, young Maynard Dixon, who is well known for his clever sketches of Arizona cowboy and Indian life, has painted the exploits of the intrepid Henney in vivid scenes of dramatic action. The first scene shows *Henney in his first law case*. This famous event occurred in Chalice, Colorado. It was a murder trial. When the prosecuting attorney used fighting language, Henney, Mr. Steffens tells us, "picked up his chair and swinging it over his head he exclaimed— 'If the court wont protect me, I will protect myself.'"

Dixon's illustration is very graphic. The presiding justice is in his shirt-sleeves and most of the spectators wear their hats. The most prominent article of furniture is a spittoon.

But it is in Dixon's second illustration that the small boy whose taste runs to Mayne Reid and *The Last of the Apaches* will take the hugest delight. Here we see the dauntless Henney, who at this distance bears an unmistakable resemblance to Theodore Roosevelt, with a revolver in his right hand and another in his left hand, to say nothing of his hypnotic eye flashing through his spectacles. Presum-

ably it is his hypnotic eye which holds at bay no less than five murderous and well armed Apaches. The painting is modestly captioned *Heney Fighting the Apaches*. As if to emphasize Francis Heney's unparalleled courage, Dixon depicts the only other white man in sight running around the corner at full tilt to escape the dire *mélee*—or perhaps to search for a grand jury, or maybe to get a drink. This illustration is indeed so magnificent and of such historical importance, that the *Graphic* reproduces it from the *American Magazine*.

To my great regret Mr. Steffens did not commission Dixon to illustrate yet another scene—Heney's encounter with our fellow townsman, Calvert Wilson. You may recall my astonishment some weeks ago at my friend "Cal" alluding to Heney as a "mild mannered man." The mystery is now cleared up by Lincoln Steffens's recital of the classic incident of the meeting (athletic) between Calvert Wilson, who had learned to box at Harvard, (Who, nowadays, at the California Club, would ever suspect it?) and Francis Heney south-of-Market-street graduate in fisticuffs. It is easy in the light of the following, to account for Wilson's generous characterization of the man he licked. But let Heney's Boswell

speak for himself:

He bore a grudge against Calvert Wilson, the son of General Thomas F. Wilson. He wanted to "lick" the son and, quite as a separate proposition, he wanted to defeat the appointment, broached just then, of the father to be judge in the territory. He thought these two purposes could be satisfied together by getting up some interviews against the old general. For he reasoned, the son, having been something of a boxer at Harvard, would take notice of an attack on his father. Heney had a reporter sent out to get interviews with the leading lawyers of the town. They were all opposed to General Wilson, but, characteristically enough, refused to be quoted. Their moral cowardice disgusted Heney, so he went to them, drew them out, and, without their permission, wrote what they said and added a statement of his own, the strongest of all. The publication of this broadside ended the hopes of General Wilson.

And, sure enough, it set the son in motion. A day or two later some friends of Heney told him in the Court House that Calvert Wilson was looking for him. Heney laughed.

"He'll come back," he said. "I'll go to my office, Calvert will come in, and you watch me throw him out."

Heney crossed the street to his office, laid off his coat, and, by and by, Calvert Wilson called. He invited Heney out into the hall and demanded to know—

The next minute Heney was on the floor with Wilson on top of him. "And," says Heney, "when my friends came rushing in, they didn't see me throwing Wilson out; they saw me hanging on to him to keep him from

throwing me out." The spectators made the two fighters stand up and fight. Again and again Wilson threw Heney, and again and again, six times, the Harvard man downed the Westerner and each time Heney struck the back of his head, "good and hard." Then the crowd stopped the fight. Heney was licked, and well licked too. He was sick as well as humiliated.

Utterly disgusted with himself, he consulted a physician, who told him that he was in a bad way physically; if he wanted to lick Wilson or any other man he must stop drinking and go into training. A day or two after that the butcher and the baker met Heney at daybreak running and walking two or three miles out of town, and Tucson had it that Frank Heney was crazy. But when the story of the fight got out, everybody guessed that Frank was training to "come back" at Calvert Wilson. And this was the truth.

But the effect of the training was to put Heney in good condition for work. The energy that had gone to waste went into his business, and he handled it with such vigor that his practice was soon too important to permit of street fighting. He invited Calvert Wilson to meet him privately and badgered the man when he refused, but he did not pick a public row. Wilson was handsome about it and, after a year or two, in the great crisis of Heney's life, this quarrel was settled.

Awful Hogwash.

And now, most cruel of all, I am informed that Calvert Wilson says this literary outburst of Steffens is "awful hogwash." Too bad, too bad!

R. H. Hay Chapman.

The True Japan and the Real Japanese

FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY

Although nothing could have been more correct and even conciliatory than the attitude of Viscount Hayashi, Minister for Foreign Affairs, throughout the superheated and ill-founded talk about strained relations between Japan and the United States, there is one point of great prospective importance concerning which he has taken an unequivocal and unwavering stand. He has made no secret of his country's purpose to secure at the earliest possible moment the elimination of the immigration clause in the existing treaty. That treaty, which was signed in July, 1899, and is to remain in force for twelve years from that date, and thereafter, unless one of the parties shall have given twelve month's notice of an intention of terminating it, provides that, although the privileges of the most favored nation are assured to the subjects or citizens of each of the signatories in the territory of the other, nothing in the document shall be taken to restrict the right of each party to make such police and immigration regulations as may seem to it expedient. In the construction and application of that proviso we ourselves have strictly limited immigration from the Japanese archipelago into the United States,

and have denied to subjects of the Mikado the right of naturalization in our republic. For that discrimination there are obviously both racial and economic reasons. The economic reason might, under conceivable circumstances, be waived temporarily, as, for example, if the labor supply, hitherto met by emigrants from Europe, should fall signally short of our domestic demand. The racial reason, on the other hand, is likely to prove insurmountable, so far as the Anglo-Saxon peoples are concerned. An inflow of Asiatics is as unwelcome to the inhabitants of Australasia, of the Canadian Dominion, and of the British colonies in South Africa as it is to those of the United States. Whether based on prejudice, on a deep-seated instinct, or on conviction, there is no doubt that the objection exists, and must be recognized. Only after invasion and conquest could an English speaking people be brought to submit to unlimited immigration from Japan. That is the crux of the Japanese question, which, however, will not become urgent until July, 1911, when the present treaty may, if denounced twelve months beforehand, come to an end. That a high-spirited and enlightened nation like the Japanese should protest against exclusion from the territory of a friendly Power is to be expected, but the fact remains that such exclusion seems inevitable.

We cannot but think that, upon reflection, Japanese statesmen will recognize that such exclusion ought never to be made a *casus belli*. They know that racial prejudice is no monopoly of the Caucasian stock. They are aware that a sweeping intrusion of foreigners into Japan would be resisted on ethnical as well as on economic grounds. They have but to look around them to be convinced of this fact. The Tokio government has made the utmost of the clause in the treaty of 1899, which reserves to each signatory the right to make police and immigration regulations. It is well that the truth relating to this matter should be made widely known on this side of the Pacific, for, as yet, the occasional maltreatment of Japanese in San Francisco has occupied the foreground of discussion, and the assumption

has been current that foreigners in Japan have nothing to complain of. It is worth while, therefore, to inquire what is the actual status of European or American laborers in Japan proper, and to what extent is this aggravated or improved in regions like Korea and the Liao-tung Peninsula, which the Japanese control as protectors or leaseholders.

It is well-known that, after the opening of Japan to intercourse with the western world, there was for many years a notable influx of foreigners, who were welcomed as teachers

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and exemplars of European civilization. Not until Japan had made remarkable progress in acquiring the learning and science of the west, had introduced on a great scale a system of public instruction, and had established high-class universities and technical schools of her own, did the inflow of alien educators and mechanical experts undergo any considerable abatement. Even now, in some of the factories, foundries and mines, engineers and mechanics of foreign birth find avenues of employment open, but a large majority of the adepts in the application of science to practical purposes, as well as of the instructors and professors in universities, are of native origin. Especially has this been the case since the war of 1894-5 with China, when Japan began her agitation—an agitation in which she had from the outset the cordial and active support of the United States—for the abolition of the invidious and humiliating régime of extraterritoriality, by which the status of foreign commercial settlements and of individual foreigners sojourning in Japan had hitherto been regulated. Since that régime came to an end, foreigners and natives are alike subject to the jurisdiction of Japan's civil and criminal courts, and the former possess only such privileges as are guaranteed to them by treaties concluded with their respective countries. We have seen that, by the treaty of July, 1899, Americans possess in the Mikado's empire all of the rights conceded to the most favored nation, except so far as these are limited by the reserve power of Japan to make her own police and immigration regulations. Now let us see what is the practical outcome of the treaty of 1899, as interpreted and carried out by the Tokio government. The subject may conveniently be considered under two headings, namely, from the view-point of personal rights and from that of property rights. A good deal of light has lately been cast on both points by Mr. Thomas F. Millard, who has resided in Japan, and speaks as an expert observer. He tells us that, not long ago, a British newspaper requested a foreign lawyer living in Japan, who had long been married to a Japanese lady, to send it a conspectus of the legal status of foreigners in the Mikado's empire. The foreigner, who, as having practiced before Japanese tribunals, was obviously qualified for the task, complied, but the manuscript was returned to him unpublished, apparently for the reason that the newspaper did not wish to print anything likely to affect the relations of Japan and Great Britain, which, since the treaty of August, 1905, have been very intimate. The essay has since been published, however, for private circulation, and no one can read it without comprehending why foreign investments in Japan, under the existing treaties and the judicial interpretation of them, are likely to prove unprofitable or insecure. It seems, in the first place, that the foreign investor in Japan encounters a reversal of the common order of things in the relations of capital and labor, namely, that the demand for skilled labor is always far in excess of the supply. Another obstacle to the lucrative employment of capital arises from the absence of laws regulating the relations between masters and servants, and from the non-existence of courts in which disputes between masters and servants can be settled quickly and cheaply. Then, again, the prospective investor is obstructed by the impossibility of making good the deficiency in the supply of Japanese skilled labor by means of competent foreign labor, on account of the regulations hampering the introductions of foreigners, and the exorbitant cost of living for foreigners in Japan, who are surrounded by

rings of Japanese dealers that are leagued with Japanese servants to defraud their employers. As to the former disability, we should keep in view the ruling of a Japanese court, made before the present controversy about the situation of Japanese laborers in the United States, a ruling which placed a limitation on the treaty clause granting to foreigners the right to reside and do business outside the foreign settlements, by especially excluding artisans and laborers. Under this ruling, which, undoubtedly, was made at the instigation of the Tokio government (having been based on an imperial ordinance), a foreign artisan or laborer cannot engage in his occupation outside of the former extraterritorial concessions without special permission from the Minister for Home Affairs, which permit, even if given, is revokable at any time. As to the charge that it costs a foreign laborer much more to live than it does a native workman, we are reminded that, since October 1, 1906, the discrimination has been emphasized, because the heaviest increases in the tariff which then became operative are imposed upon the articles principally consumed by foreigners, with the result that it now costs them from forty to fifty per cent more to live than it did a year ago. Such legislation, coupled with the judicial ruling mentioned, and the general attitude of the natives, justifies the deduction that Japanese policy, public and private, is directed toward closing the country to foreign laborers, so far as permanent residence is concerned, by creating a state of affairs which will make it unprofitable for foreigners to live and carry on business in Japan.

Neither should the fact be over-looked that foreigners may not purchase and own real estate in Japan, except such lots of land in the small former foreign settlements as are held under old title-deeds, so that no permanent enterprises to which the ownership of real estate is indispensable can now be undertaken by foreigners in Japan. Finally, the defects in the legal code, and the still greater shortcomings in the application thereof by the Japanese tribunals, tend to make business in many lines of activity so hazardous that many foreign merchants now refuse to carry into new undertakings or to accept new connections. So far then, as Japan proper is concerned, foreign labor is practically barred out, and the embarking of foreign capital in manufacturing and mining enterprises is discouraged.

Now let us see how foreigners are treated in those regions of the Asiatic mainland whereof Japan has acquired control since the conclusion of the Peace of Portsmouth. In southern Manchuria, indeed, the undisputed discrimination against foreign interests which has been exhibited during the last two years may possibly be looked upon as temporary, but no such palliation of the facts can be accepted in the case of Korea, which, evidently, is destined to virtual incorporation with the Mikado's empire. Mr. Millard, who speaks as an eye-witness, testifies that, not content with placing, by means of petty regulations designed to apply solely to foreigners, every possible obstacle to the further entrance of foreigners to the Hermit Kingdom, the Japanese administration in Korea has for two years interfered with American and other foreign interests long established in that country, to the extent in some cases of an actual revocation of their charters and a confiscation of their property. There seems to be no doubt that, after gaining possession of Korea, the Tokio government, far from preserving the "open door" there, promptly

walled up the country, notwithstanding the promise given by her to the world that she would uphold the independence of the kingdom. That is a matter in which we are particularly concerned, because American interests in Korea and southern Manchuria are greater than those of any foreign nation, except Japan.

In view of the facts presented by trustworthy witnesses, it might be well for us, instead of accepting Japan's expressions of good-will at their face value, to survey her institutions, legal decisions, acts and motives at least as critically as we do those of our fellow countrymen on the Pacific coast.

Sunday Newspapers.

Apropos of the decadence of the daily press. Dr. David J. Burrell, of New York, shows in the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate* that out of 911 1-4 columns of one issue of eight New York papers the contents of 3 1-4 columns only could be classified as "religious." He stigmatizes the Sunday paper as "unnecessary," "unlawful" and "disreputable," to which epithets he might well add "demoralizing." Here are his words and his tabulations:

The Sunday newspaper is disreputable. It is wont to present its own claims as a "great educator." This is amusing. If the claim were true, it would still not excuse the offense. Our public schools are generally thought to be educational; but that does not constitute an argument for opening them on Sunday. These newspapers, however, are not an educating influence. Let me read the tabulated statement of the contents of a recent Sunday issue of several leading newspapers:

	Columns.
Murders and Assaults.....	12
Adulteries.....	7
Thefts, etc.....	24
Total of Crime.....	43
Sporting.....	81
Theatrical.....	44
Gossip and Fashion.....	77
Sensational.....	42
Fiction.....	99
Unclean personals.....	8
Total of Gossip (mostly disreputable)	351
Foreign News.....	47
Political News.....	113
Other Miscellaneous News.....	92
Editorial.....	39
Specials.....	199
Art and Literature.....	24
Religious.....	34
Total (chiefly) news and politics....	517½
Grand Total.....	911½

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Russell Judson Waters—Poet

From time to time there have appeared in various Southern California publications, verses signed "Russell Judson Waters." Few of the people who have read and admired these bits of verse have identified the author with R. J. Waters, the president of the Citizens National Bank, it being doubtful if many of the men who know R. J. Waters as a banker are familiar with what "R. J." stand for. Yet, truth to tell, "Russell Judson Waters" and R. J. Waters are one and the same. Mr. Waters, like many another man active in business or finance, has a diversion. Where one man hunts, another fishes, or another drives a high powered automobile, or another spends his leisure at the club, Mr. Waters coquettes with the Muse.

Many of Mrs. Waters's bits of poetry have been collected and now are published for circulation among his friends. Mr. Waters, in early life, was a newspaper man. He has published many clever tales and this book, his latest, will be welcomed by anyone who is fortunate enough to receive a copy.

When an educated man has passed the fortieth mile-stone introspection and retrospection very likely dominate his nature. He becomes less the opportunist and more the philosopher. His meditations run more and more into the minor key; losses of friends, of those near and dear, chasten his thoughts and restrain the bubbleings of youth.

So it is with Mr. Waters. These poems show it unmistakably. There has developed in him—perhaps he does not realize it—a philosophy that could only come with maturity. In the course of a poem, *Infinitude*, this stanza appears—

Let Conscience demand that Reason then accept,
What Hope has raised;
With certitude and love we fix our thoughts on Him,
Whose name be praised.
And let the glory of eternal faith
In word, and deed, and strife,
Be reflected in all our thoughts, our hearts,
And every act of life.

Take again the verses *Some Day*, among the best in the collection. This closes—

Some day we'll see through gates ajar
The radiant light that shines afar,
A guiding star that leads us there;
Revealing then the golden stair
On which we set our weary feet
To reach with joy those realms so sweet—
Some Day.

Again in *Resurgam* the same strain.

But Mr. Waters has not neglected the lighter vein. What could be more joyous than *Nuestras Senoritas*—

The swish and swirl of petticoats
Is heard on every side,
In laughing chorus they are here
At spring and summer tide—
Our Girls.

With sparkling eyes and lightsome step
And merry voices sounding,

Through room and hall in mirthful glee,
Their dancing feet are bounding—
Our Girls.

Oh, Time and Tide stay now your hand
And leave our present thus,
That we may keep in youthful hope
These beings dear to us—
Our Girls.

Not long ago Mr. Frederick Stevenson, the well-known composer said: "I wish I could find something new for a chorus of men's voices. I want something with action, with movement, with manliness; something that will wake every fibre in a man."

Mr. Waters has supplied this need. Here are the words—

Strike now, while the iron's hot
Be your motto as it may,
Do it now, or do it not
In the safe and surest way.
Strike while the iron's hot.

Let the idler and the drone
Dally with the thief of time;
But let you, if you alone,
Do the work that's in your line.
Strike while the iron's hot.

Old Procrastination stands
To prevent your sawing wood,
But his fish he seldom lands
And his work is never good.
Strike while the iron's hot.

State occasions seldom come
In this grim old world of ours;
Fortune's luck will wait for none
For this life's no bed of flowers.
Strike while the iron's hot.

Make your way with push and zest,
Doing manly work today;
What is done is the true test
Of your power on your way.
Strike while the iron's hot.

Nature's work goes on apace,
In her sphere there's no delay.
Time is "essence" in the race
With no faltering by the way.
Strike while the iron's hot.

Wait not for the morrow's sun;
Do the work that's due today,
Having both your work and fun—
Neither one will brook delay.
Strike while the iron's hot.

The book in every way is ideal for the purpose which animated Mr. Waters in publishing it—as a gift and a remembrance to those whom he esteems as friends. Typographically it is a work of art. Every page is splendidly illustrated. The artists have been in close sympathy with the writer and the margin engravings are unusually fine. Throughout the work are other illustrations that add to the artistic effect.

This book, *Lyric Echoes*, is not on sale and those who get one may be sure that it will carry with it the good wishes of Mr. Waters.

Monition.

By Charles G. D. Roberts.

A faint wind, blowing from World's End,
Made strange the city street.
A strange sound mingled in the fall
Of the familiar feet.

Something unseen whirled with the leaves
To tap on door and sill.
Something unknown went whispering by
Even when the wind was still.

And men looked up with startled eyes,
And hurried on their way,
As if they had been called, and told
How brief their day.

—Century Magazine.

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Race for the San Francisco Challenge Cup

By J. N. DENSHAM

San Francisco, July 27.

The San Francisco people take very much more interest in yachting than was ever dreamed of in Los Angeles. Everybody you meet knows all about the coming race and most of them have sized up the chances of the two yachts. The race is regarded here as one of the greatest sporting events of the year and we of the *Valkyrie* are treated accordingly. Nothing is too good for us and it is well for the condition of the crew that we are safely housed over in Sausalito some distance away from the temptations of good fellowship in the great city. At the time of writing we have made only one excursion over the bay and were held up to publicity by a comedian on the stage of one of the theaters, who sang a very impromptu verse about the *Valkyrie* and the *Discovery*, the same being loudly cheered by the audience, while we blushed and prayed for the miracle that would provide a temporary elevator to remove us to the basement.

The pessimists of Los Angeles have had their say. They have prated of stormy winds that sweep the whiskers from your cheek, of the terrible tides that rip you out of your course, of the coldness of the air and the freezing of the yachtsman's blood; they have told of everything which, to their distorted imagination, could furnish material for a "knock." Now we are here to find that everything that they have said is, to a great extent, quite true. The stormy winds do blow, all right, and the air is almighty cold, so that we are glad of much thick under-clothing and sweaters galore. The tides do run swiftly and the squalls certainly do sweep down through Hurricane Gulch in a way to save shaving expenses by removing one's

whiskers neatly. But why all this fuss about it? We come from waters where the wind does not blow very hard, it is true. But we think that we are capable of handling a boat in a hard blow when it comes to it and practice is making us more confident than ever.

One thing has been clearly proved to our satisfaction and that of all the yachtsmen here who have witnessed the trials, and that is that the *Valkyrie* stands up in a blow in the most wonderful way. She goes down to her lee rail, dips it gently under the water as one who would say, "child, you need a washing," and there she stays. The afternoon wind in the bay blows at a speed that is called thirty miles an hour. It is all of that and it seems much more at times. But thirty is about the pace it blows as proved by instruments worked by certain scientific members of the San Francisco Yacht Club. This being the case we know what we have to expect and are getting ready for it. It is no joke to handle light sails in winds of such velocity but it can be done by taking things coolly and not trying to make record time. The *Valkyrie* has been rigged right. New, stays, new sheets, new halyards, new cleats bolted to the deck and with everything carefully overhauled we have reduced the chances of everything giving away to minimum. With a boat that will stand up well in these winds and staunch gear with which to work her, it will be only a question of which is the faster boat.

I firmly believe that we have the faster boat for just one reason. The *Discovery* has a flat bilge and wide beam and depends upon this for her stiffness. What she gains in stiffness she sacrifices in the neatness of her lines. The *Valkyrie* depends for stiffness not on a flat floor, not extreme beam, but on

the body which she carries under the water. Not only has she good body in the water but she carries it with sweet, clean lines. I noticed her wake particularly when she was chasing down the wind in a stiff breeze. It swept back from her stern with very little trouble and I could see not signs of a back-pull under her stern or quarter.

I am not saying that we have an easy task before us. I do not say that we are going to win. We are up against yachtsmen who have sailed this bay all their lives and who know conditions thoroughly. It may be that I have been fooled by the apparent speed of the little craft when sailing alone, but I really think that the boat builders of the bay have grown into the habit of adding beam for stiffness and have overlooked the possibilities of underneath bulk built with clean lines. The *Discovery* is, apparently, a much larger boat, but this is because she shows all she has, while the *Valkyrie* modestly clothes most of herself in Mother Ocean. Walter Folsom is himself a careful student of conditions here. He listens to what people have to say, thinks it over, talks it over with us and then makes his own decision. Long as I have sailed with him, I am particularly pleased with his methods. If the *Valkyrie* can win, I believe that he is the man who can sail her to victory.

The hospitality of the northern yachtsmen is Australian. (That is the most adulative adjective I can think of at present.) If we had to look out for our own comfort we should miss a thousand and one details that they have thought of. I am thoroughly in accord with Captain Dodge when he said that every man who yachts on San Francisco bay is a sportsman and one of the best that God has made.

By the Way

Charter Changes.

I have been in Los Angeles six or seven years and in all that period I do not remember a period longer than six months, when somebody was not agitating for a new charter, or when amendments were not being framed or when a new charter was not pending either before the people for adoption or the legislature for confirmation. A new "charter agitation" has appeared on the boards. Having no business transactions with the city, except in the matter of paying taxes, I am unable to say whether a new fundamental law for the municipality is needed. Some very good and disinterested and worthy citizens think that it is. I am chiefly interested in knowing whether the charter framers—if the task is decided upon—will be able to introduce a real business system in carrying on the city's business. Mr. Mushet told the truth when he said that the present system is wasteful and unworthy; Mr. J. A. Graves, of the Farmers and Merchants National Bank, uttered the truth when he told the bank clerks not long ago that the city's methods would bring bankruptcy to any business or financial institution in Los Angeles. And another truth is that it is a shame that financial mismanagement of the city's affairs has made it imperative for local bankers to pay the city's employes. So if the charter-makers can infuse business in the conduct of the city's business, time spent in

framing one or a dozen new charters will not have been spent in vain.

Boulevard To The Sea.

Faster than he anticipated, Fred W. Blanchard is making progress in securing good roads. Mr. Blanchard had already achieved fame as the father of the present day system of street lighting by electrolights, when he enlisted in the good roads campaign. The Highway Commission, the proposed bond issue, and allied movements may be traced to his initiative. Now it is announced that at last we are to have an eighteen mile boulevard to the sea. The roads committee of the Chamber of Commerce, headed by Fred W. Blanchard, has secured deeds for a right of way for the extension of Wilshire boulevard clear to the ocean. Now it is up to the supervisors and the voters to confirm Mr. Blanchard's labors.

Across the Desert.

It is announced that the automobile service between Mojave and Independence, across the desert, has been instituted. Three Los Angeles men—E. C. Gilbert, E. M. Clogg and George E. Darling—are responsible for this innovation in desert travel and for the first two weeks two Wintons and two Thomas machines will be used. After the middle of the month, two 75 horsepower Thomas machines will be added. The details of the

service are interesting: Every forty-eight hours a car will leave from either end, passing about midway. The route will be via Keeler, and from there a special service will be inaugurated to Darwin and Skidoo. The road between Mojave and Bishop is 196 miles long. It is the intention of the company to put on freight autos with a carrying capacity of four tons each as soon as they can be delivered from the manufacturers. These freight autos are expected to make an average speed of eight miles an hour.

Herman J. Rodman.

To few men it is given to possess a wider acquaintance and more sincere good-will of his fellowmen than was accorded to Herman J. Rodman, the editor of the *Tidings*, whose death occurred last week. Mr. Rodman had infused new life and vigor into the Catholic publication; prior to his conversion to the Catholic church he was an active newspaper man whose specialties—real estate and commercial work—brought him into close personal relations with men of affairs. His standing was the highest.

What has been said in the preceding paragraph relates to his position among men. Now I happen to have been a close personal friend of Mr. Rodman's and there was another side to his career that has not been told in print. Mr. Rodman, the son of a wealthy

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St. Louis merchant, graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis, in 1873. In those days the navy of the United States was at a low ebb and the chances did not look bright. His father wanted him in business and he resigned to undertake a mercantile career—something that proved wholly uncongenial. When he was at Annapolis, he met several Japanese who were pursuing the course as a matter of international courtesy. One of these cadets, since a famous admiral, remembered Mr. Rodman through the lapse of years, and one day about five years ago there came an offer of a commission in the Japanese navy. But at that time Mr. Rodman had lost his only daughter by death and his wife was on what proved to be her death bed. Reluctantly he was compelled to decline the offer. Frequently I met him during the Russo-Japanese war. He had mastered the strategical problems involved and his discussion of future Japanese movements in the campaign were illuminating. He predicted exactly where the ships of Togo would strike the fleet of Rojestvensky; he was emphatic in his opinion of the outcome of that battle that was to be and he had reasoned it out to a dot. The theoretical naval expert in England and in the east was then in his glory but clearer and more accurate views were never expressed than by Herman J. Rodman. At that time he told me he would have been a Commander in the navy had he not resigned; possibly he would have been a Captain by this time. He never spoke of the service without a suggestion of regret; and in referring to his offer from Japan he once said: "And if I had been a position to accept I would now be right in the midst of this war which will make naval history." His was the case of an eagle caged by circumstances.

An eastern gentleman—college graduate—is prepared to give lessons in bridge whist to ladies or gentlemen at their residences, day or evening. Terms reasonable. Address, A. B. C., care *Graphic*.

Worth of An Evangelist.

Preachers are frequently uncommonly funny people. There has been some sort of a Baptist gathering at Long Beach and the Rev. J. Herndon Garnett, of whose habitat deponent knoweth nothing, has opened a campaign against "free will offerings" to evangelists. Mr. Garnett is quoted in the *Express* as saying: "There has been too much scandal connected with the free will offering, which is anything but a free will contribution, and it is well known that collusion has been used to induce people to make free will offerings. There has been too much talk about evangelists getting away with \$1,000 for two week's work. The evangelists should be put on a stated salary, so that everybody shall know what they receive, and there will be no further scandal."

"Collusion."

Now if this did not appear in the godly *Express* I should doubt its authenticity, but there is no going back of this saintly authority. Is it too much to ask what the Rev. J. Herndon Garnett means by "collusion"? Every now and then certain church organizations have a habit of working up enthusiasm in raising a fund to liquidate debt—the vermiform appendix of certain churches. A smooth, oily talker is employed to fire the worthy brethren and sisters with this noble purpose. He whacks away until he reaches the psychological moment when he thinks there will be a "loosening" of pocket books. Then the wealthiest member of the congregation is bawled out: "Brother Smith,

what will you give for this worthy purpose?" And then the next wealthiest gets called on and so down the line until the little financial fish come down with their \$5 and \$10 lots. Familiar to you? Well it should be. The game has been worked from time immemorial. Now does the Rev. J. Herndon Garnett want it understood that the evangelists are working this sort of game? Else what can he mean?

Price of Salvation.

The evangelist's business is to bring salvation. Salvation, according to church authorities, has a value above all earthly possessions. The successful evangelist almost invariably works himself into a semi-hysterical state and he always produces exaltation—or amusement—among his hearers. Now in all seriousness, isn't a man who brings salvation worth as much as the saved and sanctified choose to give? By what reasoning is he to be held on a prosaic salary like a dry-as-dust preacher? I wot not.

Southern Californians visiting San Francisco cannot do better than stay at the Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough. First class accommodation and service for first class people. Gustav Mann, manager, formerly of Los Angeles.

Gas.

The daily papers have had something to say as to the refusal of the authorities of Vernon to permit the City Gas Company—the Sartori-Miner combination—to erect a gas plant in that suburb. When final action was taken Mr. Sartori was in New York, but he has returned and a plan to re-open the question is in view. Meanwhile the City Company is

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receiving an immense amount of material not only for the plant but in the way of street mains. This material is being stored either in warehouses or on lots, regard being paid as to whether it is capable of being damaged by weather or not. This week Mr. Sartori has "gone to the bat" figuratively speaking, and there is a fine business fight in progress. "We are going to see what chance a new public utility company has in this city," he remarked on his return to Los Angeles, "and this latest development will shed some light on the subject." The material already here or en route for the new company is understood to be worth between \$400,000 and \$500,000.

Doubling.

In anticipation of a big demand for the coming winter season, and as a war measure as well, the Los Angeles Gas & Electric Company is doubling its former producing capacity and by the time the rainy season sets in will be able to make twenty-two million feet a day. Extra mains running as high as thirty inches in diameter are being laid in certain parts of the city; high pressure pipes in others.

F. B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

In Little Tejuanga.

General Johnstone Jones, George A. Barry, and a group of kindred spirits have become interested in a mining proposition that is close at home. Twenty-two miles from Los Angeles in the Little Tejuanga canyon there is located a big body of low grade ore which this enterprising body of men propose to develop; and have pretty well developed. The company, the Princess Gold Mining and Milling Company has had exposed large bodies of ore and is installing a mill. A sample run on average ore shows a yield of \$3.80 per ton, while the mining and milling can be done for about \$1. Needless to say General Jones and Mr. Barry are feeling pretty happy.

No Boom Literature.

What I like about the announcements made by the company, is that they are free from the bombast that characterizes the present day "mining literature." There isn't anything in this company's literature that reads "shares 2 cents; will be advanced to 5 cents next week and 10 cents the week after." No indeed. There is merely the businesslike statement that "not in any sense is this a stock selling proposition, or a scheme of speculation or anything but a square, straightforward, earnest effort by citizens of Los Angeles to extract the gold which they know enriches the vast ore deposits of the Little Tejuanga canyon." The statement is made that any proper parties can examine for themselves.

Mines Close By.

It is axiomatic that something to be good has to be far away; or come from a long distance. I suppose that many Angelenos would sniff at gold developments close by. Yet is a fact that one of the best mines in California is located at Big Horn, Los Angeles county, California. It is adding heavily to the bank accounts of Fred C. Fenner and his associates. Yet how many know anything of this mine. The stock cannot be had. In years past the Sierra Madres have contributed not a little to the gold supply and in fact produced gold long before "Marshall's discovery" in 1847. As early as 1836 gold from Southern California sources was known in the little pueblo that surrounded the Plaza church.

Not Making Claims.

As I said, I like the modest way in which General Jones and Mr. Barry are handling the proposition. They are not promising a second "Yellow Aster," a miniature Goldfield or a Klondike. All they say is that they have the low grade ore for a fine milling proposition. At present they are working 16 men.

The *Hotel Majestic*, corner of Sutter and Gough streets, is the best place to stay in San Francisco. First class service for first class people. Gustav Mann, formerly of Los Angeles, Manager.

How About McFarland?

Southern California papers generally are printing an article about Washington Hadley, of Whittier, the president of the First National Bank and Whittier Savings Bank, instancing him as a splendid specimen of the "old man in business." Mr. Hadley is a nonegenarian, having been born in 1817, and claims are made that his is the oldest bank president in the country. Now being president of two country banks is one thing; being treasurer of one of the biggest corporations in California is another. All things considered, I think that Albert McFarland, treasurer of the Times-Mirror Company "has the edge" on Mr. Hadley. Mr. McFarland, who is 84 years of age, is as spry as most men of 65. His head is as clear as it ever was. Hundreds of business men in Los Angeles know Albert McFarland personally. Unless they have been told otherwise, I would wager that not one in fifty would place him over 65. And of the two men, Mr. McFarland and Mr. Hadley, I will warrant that the former leads the more active life—and by a big margin.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

Mrs. Tingley Abroad.

Months ago I announced that Mrs. Katherine Tingley, the head of the Universal Brotherhood Society and of the various educational institutions at Point Loma, had secured sites for two new Raja Yoga schools, one in England and one in Sweden. Mrs. Tingley has just left for a trip abroad, accompanied by the Honorable Nan Herbert, sister of Lord Lucas and heir of the late Lord Auburn William Herbert. While in England a school similar to that at Point Loma will be opened in New Forest, about two hours ride from London. Thence Mrs. Tingley and Miss Herbert go to Sweden where another school will be established on an estate adjoining the Royal Forest near Gothenburg. It is understood that Mrs. Tingley will travel in Ireland, Germany, France, Holland and Sweden before her return.

Editors Her Guests.

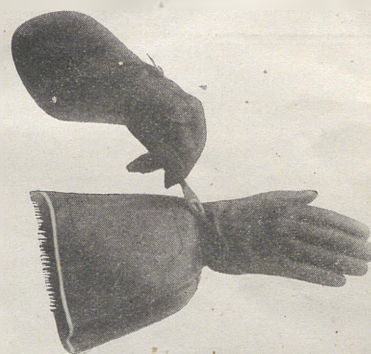
As time goes on and the unique features of the educational system in vogue at Point Loma are better understood by the educated portion of the community, criticism of the institutions is disarmed. Only recently Mrs. Tingley had as her guests the members of the Southern California Editorial Association and like everybody else who has ever made a thorough inquiry into the Point Loma institution her guests were vastly pleased. The people at Point Loma are idealists, it is true; but high ideals never hurt any man and occasionally are even encountered in the cut-throat world of business. Now any institution that inculcates high ideals and teaches boys and girls to have a sacred regard for cleanliness of mind; any school that sets high

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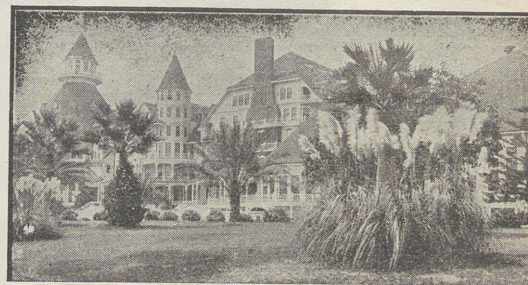
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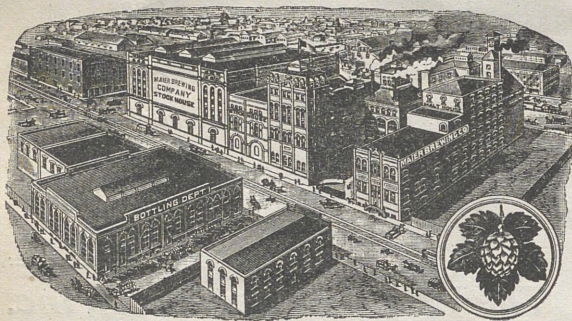
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educational standards and at the same time seeks to give its pupils strong healthy bodies, is certain to succeed no matter what obstacles may be placed in its way by the provincial or the misinformed. I admit to having a warm feeling for the Raja Yoga schools because I am familiar with what is done by them. Many of the Southern California editors who were at Point Loma are publishing paragraphs in much the same tenor as this. The schools in England and Sweden will succeed because they ought to succeed.

Redondo Season.

The season at Hotel Redondo is opening with the arrival of a number of people from Los Angeles and cities farther inland. Mr. John S. Woollacott, as manager and host, is busily preparing for a series of entertainments for the pleasure of his guests. The first will be given next Saturday night when the Dobinson Dramatic Club, of Los Angeles, under the direction of Mr. George A. Dobinson, will present Augustus Thomas's charming Southern play, *Alabama*, with a cast of twenty people. The unique feature of this play will be its performance out of doors upon a stage whose setting is the handiwork of Nature. There will be some stage accessories and the music will be furnished by an orchestra. At six o'clock a typical southern dinner will be served in the dining room of the hotel. The play will begin at 7:30 and will be followed by dancing in the ball room. Many friends of the guests and those who are to take part in the performance have already signified their intention to be present and the event will be no doubt turned into a gala night.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in Tone.

May Sutton's Championship.

The accounts that reached us by cable of May Sutton's regaining the lawn tennis championship at Wimbledon (July 5) were meagre and I am sure that the following detailed report from the London *Daily Mail* will be read with interest:

"When the curtain was rung down at Wimbledon yesterday the 'foreigners' had made a clean sweep of all the first prizes, including three world's championships. It would be impossible to withhold admiration from Miss May Sutton for her magnificent victory in the ladies' championship—a victory at once deserved and conclusive. Deserved because she was undoubtedly more pertinacious, more cunning, and more accurate than Mrs. Chambers, the holder of the title, and conclusive because from the moment she won the first three games in the first set there was never any doubt that she would triumph.

"For a girl not yet twenty-one to come, a pilgrim from far-away Pasadena to the Mecca of lawn tennis, and to triumph over all competitors two years out of three, is a rather remarkable feat.

"When she has a most momentous piece of work on hand Miss Sutton always wears a pink sash and a pink ribbon around her hair.

"For less arduous matches she affects green or blue; but pink is reserved for extra special occasions. Yesterday she wore pink—it was an ominous sign.

"Mrs. Chambers opened the service, and an incident deciding the very first point of all would have disconcerted most ladies. The American made what looked to be a perfectly fair recovery after a breathless run, but the umpire decreed 'second bounce.' There was just a suspicion of questioning anger in Miss Sutton's face, but she instantly suppressed it, and was a set up at 6-2. When the second

bout opened with a conclusive bout to Miss Chambers, it looked as if after all there might be a good fight, but Miss Sutton answered this temporary check by taking a love game and winning the third and fourth with comparative ease. The American was mixing her game with admirable generalship—now sending over one of her own patent top-charged drives, next an elusive back-hander, and finally, when the opening came, banging the ball across the court—a winner all the way. Mrs. Chambers fought hard and pluckily when disaster seemed imminent. After many brilliant rallies she won the seventh and eighth games, both of which reached vantage, though in the seventh she was '40—love.'

"'Four all' was called, but Miss Sutton is always best in a crisis; she has a nerve that many a surgeon might envy, and in three minutes she had won four aces in succession and had placed herself once more ahead. The tenth game proved a splendid tussle. Once Mrs. Chambers, striving valiantly to save her title, got to vantage, but the American never once wavered and soon all was over, and the Ladies' Championship had gone, like the men's across the sea.

"As the subject of a great reception walked to the dressing room through an avenue of admirers, the band played the *Conquering Hero* and Miss Sutton, the embodiment of self-control on the court, nearly broke down. She showed that she was a woman after all.

"Subsequently Miss Sutton informed the *Daily Mail* representative that she had some hope of defending her title next year. She admitted that Mrs. Chambers did not play as well as when the result was reversed last year, but thought she herself was better adapted to tackle the champion this year."

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The following week Miss Sutton won the championship of Wales. This victory meant permanent possession of the cup. The English trophy she can never win outright. Miss Sutton is expected home shortly and it is hoped she will accept the invitation of the management of the Hotel Del Monte to play in the big tennis tournament to be held there in conjunction with other sporting events September 2 to 9.

A Naive Confession.

One of the naivest confessions of temper and other internal disturbances comes from Mrs. G. W. Hillyard, formerly a British tennis champion herself:

"Mrs. G. W. Hillyard, who was defeated by Miss C. M. Wilson in the semi-final round of the ladies' singles lawn tennis championship at Wimbledon, complains of the manner in which she was treated by the referee and committee in connection with the match. In the course of a long letter to the *Daily Mail* she makes the following statements:

"I was advertised to play Miss Wilson in the center court at two o'clock, and as I find that I have to be very careful what I eat before a match, I had but a small plate of rice-pudding at one o'clock. When I arrived at the court it was pouring with rain and the tarpaulin was on the court. The referee then told us that he would be glad if we would go on, if we did not mind. I promptly refused having looked forward for a fortnight to this match and wished to play it on a dry court with a good gallery. * * * The rain went on steadily falling until 4:30, and then the referee told us he should put on a ladies' double as soon as it stopped.

"At that I went into the tea tent, and at the risk of having to appear positively vulgar, I must tell you what I ate, thinking, of course, that all chance of playing in the championship was over:

Two Bath buns.
Six or seven slices of bread and butter.
Three or four cups of tea.
Six or seven biscuit cakes.
Two or three slices of other cake.

"Not satisfied with that, when I went up to the ladies' dressing room there were some beautiful strawberries provided for the players and I ate—

Three plates of strawberries.

I did this, having had a very light lunch and not expecting to dine until 9 or 9:30.

"As soon as I had eaten this fearful meal the referee came over and asked me as a particular favor if I would play Miss Wilson, as he was not going to play a ladies double after all. I again refused and he went away, but returned in five minutes and said a committee meeting had been held over it and the verdict was that I had to play whether I liked it or not. I immediately said I would scratch, and indeed did so, but Miss Wilson was upset about it, pointed out what a false position it would place her in, and implored me to reconsider my decision, which I did, but only to please her. I like her very much indeed. Unfortun-

nately one cannot control one's feelings. I did not lose my temper in the court as it had gone before I commenced playing, and from start to finish I never tried one stroke. I hit as hard to try to give vent to my feelings, but I felt more inclined to bang the ball into the committee box than to try to make any winning shot."

Miss Estelle Cathrine Heartt has returned from a fortnight's outing at Idyllwild. The mountain resort captured Miss Heartt's fancy and she says that she had simply "a splendid time."

The Sixtieth Milestone.

In the course of a personal letter to a friend early this week, Bishop Conaty wrote: "On Thursday, August 1, I shall pass into the 'sixty' class. From 1847 to 1907 is quite a span but I trust it will not mark life's work done." Let me assure the prelate that in his hope that it will not "mark life's work done," tens and hundreds of thousands, Protestant and Catholic alike, will join. Bishop Conaty has done the community and the state much service since he came here as the successor of the late Archbishop Montgomery. He has won the respect and confidence of all men, not only on account of his standing in the church, but for his standing among men. A student, a scholar, a gentleman, a clever, shrewd man of affairs, he is most welcome at any gathering. Under his direction the affairs of this diocese have prospered most amazingly; churches have been built, orphanages and rescue homes established and schools for the young founded. In the direction of business management as well as in spiritual affairs, his policy has been ruled by wisdom. Let us hope that there will remain to Bishop Conaty at least a quarter of a century for good work. He is one of the men Los Angeles cannot spare.

F. B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

San Pedro Charts.

It is apparently up to the Hydrographic Office of the United States to provide new charts of San Pedro harbor, and to distribute these charts to shipping men the world over. This week the German ship *R. C. Rickmers*, drawing 26 1-2 feet of water, arrived off San Pedro and when Pilot Hamilton boarded the ship this colloquy ensued.

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the captain.

"Anchor you behind the breakwater," replied Pilot Hamilton.

"What breakwater?" asked the captain of the *Rickmers*.

"Why the government breakwater," replied the pilot.

"Didn't know you had a breakwater," said the captain. Then he went below to consult his charts.

"No such thing on any of the charts," he reported when he came on deck.

"Well, it's there," said Pilot Hamilton as he brought the great ship around and laid her in thirty feet of smooth water, in the safest harbor on the Pacific coast.

"This is a great surprise to me," said the captain of the largest ship in the world.

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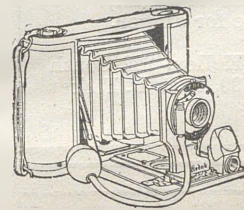
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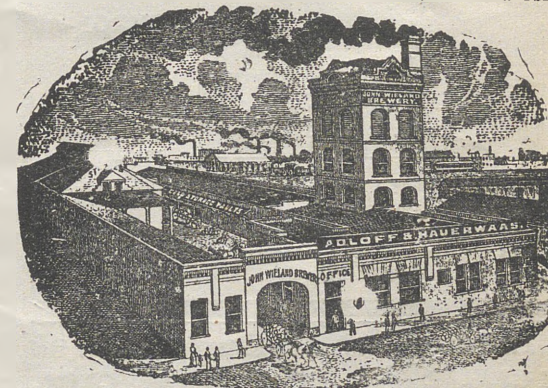
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"Why don't the people of San Pedro take steps to have this breakwater shown on the charts we get in the old country?"

Sailing with inaccurate charts is a most prolific cause of marine disaster. Suppose the *Rickmers* had approached San Pedro in foul weather; suppose the captain knew nothing of the breakwater; suppose no pilot had boarded her. That combination might have caused a fearful wreck.

At Del Monte.

Del Monte, famous alike for its beauty, its hospitality and its sports will be the rendezvous of wielders of the racket and the golf club as well as the brave drivers of the buzz-wagons during the first week of September. Manager H. R. Warner, of the Hotel Del Monte, has determined to offer every inducement possible to amateur sportsmen to take a week's holiday ahead of Admission Day. The tournaments, both golf and lawn tennis, will commence Monday, September 2 and will continue throughout the week. For both events special efforts are being made to attract players from Southern California. Reduced transportation rates are promised and also special rates at the Hotel of only \$2 a day for competitors in the tournaments. An exceedingly handsome collection of trophies has been secured.

The Pacific coast tennis championships will commence at Del Monte August 31 and continue until September 9. Dr. Sumner Hardy, the secretary of the association, is enthusiastic about the meeting and believes that it will be the most successful in the annals of the game in California. An invitation has been extended to Miss May Sutton, champion woman tennis player of the world, to attend the meeting. Her presence, fresh from her triumphs across the Atlantic, is certain to add fresh zest to the interest. It is hoped that Miss Florence Sutton, who today is probably the only girl in the United States who can make the younger sister really hustle, will also be a competitor.

The golfing events have already been scheduled and are certain to create keen competition. The program will be as follows:

Monday, September 2.

9:30 a. m.—Del Monte cup for men. Qualifying rounds over thirty-six holes, medal play; the best sixteen scores to qualify. First eighteen holes.

2:30 p. m.—Second eighteen holes.

Tuesday, September 3.

9:30 a. m.—Del Monte cup for men. First match round, over eighteen holes, with handicap.

2:15 p. m.—Del Monte cup for men. Second match round, over eighteen holes, with handicap.

2:30 p. m.—Del Monte cup for women. Qualifying round, over eighteen holes, medal play; best eight to qualify.

Wednesday, September 4.

9:30 a. m.—Del Monte cup for men. Semi-final match round, over eighteen holes, with handicap.

10:00 a. m.—Del Monte cup for women. First match round, over eighteen holes, with handicap.

Thursday, September 5.

9:30 a. m.—Del Monte cup for men. Final round, first eighteen holes, with handicap.

10:00 a. m.—Del Monte cup for women. Semi-final match round, over eighteen holes, with handicap.

2:30 p. m.—Del Monte cup for men. Final round, second eighteen holes, with handicap.

Friday, September 6.

10:00 a. m.—Del Monte cup for women. Final round, over eighteen holes, match play, with handicap.

2:30 p. m.—Handicap Mixed Foursomes, over eighteen holes, medal play.

Saturday, September 7.

9:30 a. m.—Consolation Event for men who did not reach the final round of the cup competition. Handicap over thirty-six holes, medal play; first eighteen holes.

10:00 a. m.—Consolation Event for women who did not reach the final round of the cup competition. Handicap over eighteen holes, medal play.

2:30 p. m.—Consolation Event for men. Second eighteen holes. Ties in either consolation event to be settled over eighteen holes on Sunday, September 8, or Monday, September 9, as the competitors may agree.

Admission Day, Monday, September 9, will be mainly devoted to automobile races.

Wilson.

My sympathy is with the movement to oust Andrew M. Wilson from the State Railroad Commission. It is not that the commission can do any effective work in regulating rates or in performing any of the duties for which it was supposed to be organized—long, long ago the Southern Pacific filed the teeth of the laws governing the body. Yet there is a sense of the unfitness of things when a man of Wilson's character can hold a sinecure. His connection with the San Francisco graft cases should disable him from retention in office. So when F. W. Braun, as vice-president of the Jobbers Association, asked for the appointment of a new man, he did what only a fair and decent regard for the reputation of the state called for. Governor Gillett's reply states that there is no expectation of Wilson's retirement. All of which goes to show that the Recall is needed somewhere else than in the City of Los Angeles. The machinery for the removal of derelict public officials is too cumbersome. Otherwise California would not be cursed with a Wilson and San Francisco would find itself able to dispense with the services of Judge Hebbard.

Hearts Will Rejoice.

It must make the hearts of Harry Wyatt, who won't give a pass, and E. Tobias Earl, who nowadays won't take a theater pass, rejoice to read of Arnold Daly's proposed new Free Thought theater that is to be projected in Gotham's busy dramatic world in the fall. Daly is the head and front of the Bughouse Dramatic Movement. He proposes to put on three little playlets every night, with the curtain scheduled to roll up at nine o'clock, after you have had had time to think about what you had for your dinner. There is to be no orchestra with shrieking reeds, turbulent brasses and unharmonious scrapings of the catgut to worry the audience, there will be no newspaper advertisements to let the anxious world outside know what the Bughouse actors are playing; there will be no deadheads in the house and a whole lot of other strange and wierd things are to be resorted to in order that

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Actor-Manager Daly may get into the public eye through the medium of the newspapers that will have to worry along without his advertising patronage. This all bears a resemblance to the literary matinées that were pulled off at the Belasco theater a year ago with Harry Mestayer as the bright particular star among a somewhat dim constellation of other long haired disciples of the "drammer." The Arnold Daly venture in New York will be watched with no little concern by Colonel Wyatt and if the "no free ticket" proves a success it may be put into effect here.

Col. Fred Seymour.

There will be a figure sorely missed around the tennis courts of California this summer. No more shall we see the radiant countenance of Colonel Fred. Seymour or hear his fervent "Well played, sir; well played!" Colonel Seymour's enthusiastic interest in and support of the game during the last ten years has been an inspiration, as many tennis devotees will tell you. Never missing an important match and taking the keenest interest in every stroke, his friendship and his encouragement were sought by every player, veteran and tyro. Colonel Seymour was a typical British "soldier-man" and a gentleman. He was intensely devoted to the land of his birth but he was also a warm admirer of American institutions and the energy of the natives. For the last ten years or so he had been interested in a railway in Mexico and had accumulated a comfortable fortune. Colonel Seymour maintained a summer home at Redondo, where tennis players and other sportsmen were always sure of the warmest welcome. "The colonel" indeed, was the soul of hospitality.

His death is universally lamented by a host of friends, and the deepest sympathy is felt for his widow and daughter.

Their New Jobs.

Ex-Editor Yost, of the *Herald*, is holding down a copy reader's job on the *Express*, while former Dramatic Editor William Hamilton Cline, who looks like William Shakespeare before he wrote *Romeo and Juliet*, is on the lookout for a place on some of the local papers where his vast fund of theatrical information may be brought into use. Cline's last bit of work on the *Herald* was to scoop his fellow dramatic reporters on the resignation of leading lady Albertson from the Belasco forces. Cline is too good a dramatic writer to be out of a job very long and some of the wise managing editors of the city are overlooking a capital writer every day they permit him to be "at

liberty" as the actor folk term being off the pay roll.

Farrell.

Charlie Farrell, a local boy who used to be a good writer when he was on the *Herald* a number of years ago, has been spending the past week with his mother in this city. Mr. Farrell is the editor and proprietor of the *Dramatic Review*, of San Francisco, the only theatrical paper printed in the west. He has made a resounding success with his paper and it is looked for with much eagerness every week by the people of the show world. Farrell informs me that he is about to venture into a side line, a play agency, and will represent all of the well-known authors of this country as well as the best of the foreign dramatists.

Pitt Hand.

Pitt Hand's friends aver that he is getting to be a veritable source of worry to them, and all because Mayor Harper's personal press agent is doing his best to unload the stock in His Honor's Oil Scheme. Hand has poked into the patois of the prospectuses of some of the local development companies until his conversation sounds like one of those full page advertisements with sure thing opportunities abounding in every other line. Hand is possessed of a pleasing smile and a glib way of coaxing signatures for stock from his unwary friends and if Mayor Harper and his fellow millionaires-to-be leave it to the reformed Hearst newspaper writer it is quite certain that most of their neatly printed oil certificates will be disposed of before they are aware of it. But even with the prospect of breaking into the Rockefeller class, Press Agent Hand's soul is yearning for other glories and that suspicious looking lump in his pistol pocket is said to be the manuscript of a new play that no manager will listen to, notwithstanding promises of dinners at the Alexandria and shares in the Mayor's Oil Scheme. Otheman Stevens, who writes the drama in Los Angeles for the *Examiner*, has undertaken to have Mr. Hand's play produced at one of the local theaters but so far has not been able to come through with his promise. Stevens announces with much seriousness that, as a last resort, he will have the four act play boiled down to a thirty minute sketch and produced by the Unique Theater Stock Company, an organization Mr. Stevens hails with unalloyed joy as a model of excellence and containing a leading lady who surpasses in the matter of future histrionic promise any other actress on the local stages.

Dinmore's Dinner.

Walter Dinmore, the *bon vivant* and *raconteur* par excellence, whose personal pulchritude makes the gorgeous lobby of the Alexandria turn green whenever he makes his entrance, celebrated his twelve month's occupancy of the same apartment at Mr. Whitmore's palatial tavern the other day. The celebration was enjoyed by half a dozen of Mr. Dinmore's friends and a feature of the affair was the fact that each guest ordered his own dinner—at Mr. Dinmore's expense, of course—and the expense account lid was off when the vintage wines were reached.

Automobile Party.

One of the most unique automobile trips began last Saturday. The party consisted of General Adna R. Chaffee, General Harrison Gray Otis, T. E. Newlin, Dr. Walter Lindley, Mr. Arthur G. Wells and Dr. W. Jarvis Barlow. They were the guests of Mr. Wells in his private

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car to Riverside, where they arrived at 6:15 p. m. They left Riverside in a Stearns at 6:30 and arrived at Hemet, 34 miles away, at 8 o'clock. A delightful dinner was served at the Hemet Hotel, after which the citizens of Hemet tendered an enthusiastic reception to General Chaffee and General Otis. Mr. Milliken, editor of the Hemet News, made the introductory remarks, in which he referred briefly to the record of General Chaffee in the Civil War, in Arizona and New Mexico, in command of the forces that marched to Peking, and in Cuba and the Philippines, and to his bravery, ability and integrity in all the positions that he has held. He very justly called General Chaffee "the greatest living American soldier." In speaking of General Otis, Mr. Milliken said that he was a hero of three wars, the Civil War, the war with Spain and the Filipino War, and that he came by his martial spirit honestly, because his paternal grandfather was a revolutionary soldier. At 9:30 p. m. the moon was up and the party bade good-bye to the people of Hemet, and in their good Stearns machine started on their 20 mile ride up the mountain for Idyllwild. At 11:30 they were sitting around a log fire at Idyllwild, enjoying a hot toddy. The trip had been glorious, the very pines seeming to have beckoned to them as they climbed the narrow road up the canyons, to the music of the rushing waters of the mountain streams. At midnight Mr. Irving Ingraham, of West Adams street, came in with his Packard. He was accompanied by his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Carl Kurtz and another friend. They had made the trip in about the same time that it took Mr. Wells and his party. Sunday Mr. Wells's party took horses and rode up to Tauquitz Peak. From this vantage point they had a grand view of the Salton Sea and the Imperial Valley. They left Idyllwild at 5 o'clock Monday morning, and at 7:45 they were eating breakfast in Mr. Wells's private car at Riverside.

Mrs. Burnett's Surprise.

Society was startled from its summer inertia last Saturday by the glad surprise that Mrs. Lucia Burnett afforded us. Mrs. Harry Turner who returned a few weeks ago with her sister, Mrs. Burnett and Miss May Ridgway, from a long sojourn at Honolulu invited all the friends of the family who were still in town "just to tea." Some of us became suspicious when we found Dean Wilkins was in the hall. If it had been the Rev. Baker P. Lee we would not have been surprised, but whereas the late Dean of Lexington is frequently found adorning drawing rooms the Dean of Los Angeles is a *rara avis*. And then when at last we saw Lucia Burnett's radiant countenance and span new traveling dress—although not offensively labelled "bride"—we "got onto" Mrs. Turner's surprise party. If popular widows must wed, it is just as well that there should be no long engagement and pre-nuptial fuss. It is quite enough, I should think, to endure the latter once in a life-time. The happy bride-groom is one of Hawaii's most distinguished citizens, and Judge Ballou will be heartily congratulated on his double event—elevation to the supreme bench and marriage to so charming a bride. Mrs. Ballou will be sorely missed in local circles. Pretty, bright and with a distinct musical talent, Mrs. Burnett-Ballou has been one of Los Angeles's most fascinating figures. The happy pair sailed for Honolulu on Thursday.

Breakfast of Bliss.

Talking of marriages, while the one of which I have just written was so eminently sensible,

I can never approve of a woman marrying a man considerably younger than herself, especially if both are still young. The many friends of the Shorb family hereabouts are shocked immeasurably by the separation of Mr. and Mrs. Bernardo Yorba Shorb only twenty-six days after their wedding in San Francisco. Mrs. Shorb, you remember, was Miss Sheehan, an heiress and daughter of the well-known New York contractor and Democratic politician. The whole thing is inexplicable, except that young Shorb is only twenty-one and his bride is twenty-six. If ever I am persuaded to give up my liberty, the man must certainly be over thirty and I shall take good care to discover that he knows his own mind before I let him know much that is in mine.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

Mayoralty Thunder.

When all is said and done I am inclined to view the outburst in the City Council over the non-installation of street lights, as a bit of mayoralty thunder engineered for the benefit of Mr. Wallace, with Mr. Wallace as chief engineer. The net result of the whole proceeding appears to be that the Los Angeles Gas & Electric Company is ordered to install over 600 new lights, which is something that the lighting company will no doubt be pleased to do. I did not happen to be in the council chamber at the time that Mr. Wallace was in flight; nor has a careful perusal of the proceedings served to enlighten me the least bit. I think there will be no mistake if the whole is set down to the anti-corporation record that Mr. Wallace is so carefully building, with a view to impressing it on the next Republican city convention. Corporation baiting is always good political business.

Even the Express.

Even the *Express* is protesting against the trades union in politics. The new "Board of Supervisors," of San Francisco, named by "Mayor" Schmitz, gets no comfort and aid from the *Express*—and that after Mr. Earl has been carefully combing favor with the unions for the last few months. "Mayor" Schmitz's appointees are so typical of the labor union reign in San Francisco that I cannot refrain from publishing the names even though they have been printed in the dailies. Here they are William Cole, carpenter, Building Trades Council; T. J. Tierney, cement worker, Building Trades Council; Thomas Maxwell, carpenter, Amalgamated Carpenters; Henry Sheehan, painter, Building Trades Council; P. D. Hawthorne, rigger and stevedore, member city front federation; J. A. Keagh, musician, Labor Council; P. W. Myers, machinist, Labor Council; J. F. Leonard, electrician, Labor Council; J. Williams, master

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plumber; J. J. Henry, steam fitter, Labor Council; William Schaefer, Carmen's Union; Charles L. Berry, printing pressman, Allied Printing Trades; Charles Warcourt, blacksmith, Labor Council.

Mr. Earl had better "look a little out." He should remember that the *Examiner* (Los Angeles) lost the trades unions when it refused for purely business reasons to support Stanley B. Wilson for mayor of Los Angeles and bid its head, ostrich like, in the sand during the city campaign. The trades unions have no use for trimmers, and that is the class that the *Express* is training with at this moment.

Blackwood.

It would be in the nature of a public calamity were John H. Blackwood to leave Los Angeles. He is reported to be dallying with an offer to go with Ellen Beach Yaw as manager and impressario. John Handsome Blackwood could be depended upon to draw crowds for "Lark Ellen" no matter where she sang. I said, however, that it would be a calamity for the community were he to go. It would be in this sense: that much of the brightest theatrical talk that goes the rounds of the dailies had its origin in the symposia held by the "Blackwood Club" which meets in the little cubby hole at the left of the entrance to the Belasco theater almost any evening after Blackwood has done the glad hand act to the incoming throngs. At these gatherings there is Otheman Stevens, and occasionally Julian Johnson, and frequently Adolph Ramish and others who haven't the fear of man or devil in their souls. Then the gabfest begins and it is a privilege to be able to join the crowd. More bright things are uttered in fifteen minutes at the "Blackwood Club" when a full membership is on hand than can be heard in any other club in Los Angeles in the course of a week.

Sartori.

Joseph F. Sartori, the president of the Security Savings Bank, has returned from a trip to Canton, Ohio, where he has completed the contract for the safe deposit boxes that are to go into the vaults of the new Security building at Fifth and Spring streets. Mr. Sartori says that at the outset these vaults will have about 12,000 boxes, but there is room for 25,000 boxes and these will be installed as the demand for them arises. When the consolidation of the Security Savings and the Southern California Savings is effected, which will be about the first of November, the combined resources of the bank will be about \$28,000,000 judging by the present condition of the banks, and it may reach to

\$30,000,000 if some more consolidation is done.

What the Bank Needs.

In a recent conversation with Mr. Sartori, I asked him in jest if any more consolidating was on the tapis. "Not yet" he returned with a smile and a knowing glance. Now I wonder just what he means by that. I wonder if there is something more in the banking line in sight that he thinks he needs. All that I could suggest to him was that perhaps a thoroughly sanctified, goody-goody, long-hair department would bring in some business. And again he smiled. I wonder, yes, I wonder what Sartori is up to just now.

To An Inquirer.

You ask whether there is any chance of recovering the dead of the *Columbia* accident by divers. The reply is "No." I was on the waterfront in San Francisco for some years, plying my trade of newsgatherer. Divers do not care to go below 120 feet, as a rule, and at that depth the pressure is tremendous. About four atmospheres is all that divers want to stand—even the most experienced. I have been down about fifty feet out of curiosity, and I would not want to repeat the experiment. I have no means at hand to determine in how much water the *Columbia* sank, but it surely several hundred feet. To show you the limitations on a diver's work, I recall the case when the *City of Chester* was sunk by the *Oceanic* many years ago, during a fog, inside of the Golden Gate. The *City of Chester* went down in about 200 feet of water and carried with her eight people. No diver would attempt the recovery of the bodies.

An Easy Town.

This is surely an easy town. Rather, I should say, it is an easy town for schemers, while men with legitimate propositions come along and are given the marble heart. I have had things to say about the "Development Society of California." And now along come two slick operators, W. H. Welch and W. B. Gelatt, by name, and they land a score of citizens as "associate members" of the "Southern California Press Club" at \$100 per "associate." Up to date, as far as any one outside of Welch and Gelatt know, there is no "Southern California Press Club." These enterprising gentlemen told a reporter that they were going to get the newspaper workers into the club after the "associates" were in. They further said that ten newspaper men—names not mentioned—are already in the fold. My opinion of Press Clubs is pretty well known to the newspaper men of Los Angeles. I was a charter member of the San Francisco Press Club and I ought to know the history of such organizations. Nine times in ten, they become unlicensed "booze joints" with poker as a side diversion, or else they die of inanition. There is not sufficient cash or cohesion among newspapermen to provide the ready cash for their organizations and almost invariably they resort to the benefit scheme to raise money. Things go swimmingly for awhile; then financial breakers are met and the club must either take in outsiders or go to the wall. Messrs. Welch and Gelatt, of whom I have never before heard, had a new idea. It was to assess the prominent citizens for a hundred all around, first of all, and then, maybe, try to get in the rank and file. I am detailing the operations of this brilliant pair to show what an easy proposition this town is for men who have the nerve of the devil and an assurance that has no limit.

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On Suicides

BY MERCUTIO

There should be no doubt regarding all suicides. That they are the result of aberrations or partial aberrations of mind—in the plainest of language, that they are the acts of persons not in their right minds—persons more or less insane. From the day that Samson pulled down the temple—if such an occurrence ever took place—to be revenged on his enemies while they were reveling, and heroically perished with them, potentates, generals, admirals, statesmen, bankers, merchants, ministers, poets, editors, lawyers, doctors, lovers, and rogues and tramps, of all descriptions, and persons of all other classes in all the countries of the world, who have ended their lives with their own hands, became partially or wholly insane. At the present day suicides are more common among defaulters, who prefer death to facing charges of dishonor; escaped convicts, who fear ferocious treatment by their pursuers; politicians and professional men, smarting under defeat, and disappointed lovers and infuriated husbands. But the category includes great and small, good men and bad men, and all the "routes" known from jumping off a monument to open-

ing a vein with a bodkin, have been resorted to although poison and the bullet are the most chosen means. From the days of the Roman Empire down to the present time men who had staked their all and lost have capped the climax of their defeat by self-destruction. Rather than endure the weight of disgrace, they have acted as their own executioners. Balmaceda and Boulanger, not many years ago, each played for high stakes and committed suicide when the game was lost. Balmaceda, the would-be dictator of Chile, shot himself when convinced that escape from the victorious insurgents was impossible. Boulanger, after making a brilliant record as a soldier in Algiers and in the Franco-Prussian war, and being idolized by his people, aspired to overturn the republic and found an empire, of which he would be the head. A traitor to his country and branded as a thief, he was outlawed. When at last the woman who was his companion in exile died, he ended his strange career by shooting himself on her grave.

One of the most remarkable cases of suicide was that of the King of Falaha on the west coast of Africa. The King was attacked by a Mohammedan force, and finding resistance impossible, he assembled his family and principal officers, and after addressing them and intimating his determination never to accept Mohammedanism, and inviting those who did not agree with him to go away, he applied a light to a large quantity of gunpowder collected for the purpose and blew into atoms the palace and all who were in it.

Commercial disaster to any member of the Rothschild family is as great a disgrace as crime is to any other family. This was illustrated by the attempt, some fourteen years ago, of Baron Gustav de Rothschild to end his existence. His attempt at self destruction followed close upon his loss of 40,000,000 francs on the London market. The attempt was a failure and in that respect resembled this speculation. His was not the first affair of the kind in the Rothschild family. Baron James de Rothschild, crazed by ill-luck sometime before, blew out his brains in the presence of his mother. When Ralston, of the Bank of California (San Francisco), was discovered as the wrecker of that institution, he killed himself by drowning, and shortly afterward, on account of Ralston's wreckage, Workman, of the defunct Temple and Workman Bank (Los Angeles) killed himself with a revolver.

In the earlier days, before the use of gunpowder, stabbing and hanging as well as poison were the means generally resorted to by the

victims of suicidal intent. Cato stabbed himself rather than live under the despotic reign of Caesar, and when Themistocles was ordered to lead the Persians against his own countrymen he took poison. Hannibal and Mithridates poisoned themselves to escape being made prisoners. Zeno, the founder of the Stoics, lived until he was 98. Then when he fell one day and put his thumb out of joint, he decided that he had lived long enough so he retired to his dwelling and hanged himself. Homer is said to have hanged himself because he could not solve the "fisherman's riddle." Terence stabbed himself because he had lost 108 translated comedies.

Suicides among the aristocracy in England are rather numerous. The suicide of the Duke of Bedford, four years ago, shocked society circles of both continents. He was one of the largest landed proprietors in England, immensely wealthy and 72 years of age. Lying on a sick bed from which he had no promise of immediate recovery, he succumbed to the agony of the moment and sought relief in death. The fact that it was a suicide was carefully concealed from the newspapers, but the secret leaked out after the body had been cremated. Lord Congelton, who was Mr. Parnell's great uncle, hanged himself in 1842 and in the same year the Earl of Munster, one of the illegitimate sons of King William IV., shot himself in the head. In 1869 Lord Cloncarry, the last of his house, jumped from a window and broke his neck.

Only in 1905, Lord James Edward Sholto Douglass, brother of the Marquis of Queensberry, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor.

He had been traveling from Ireland during the night and behaved in such a strange manner that the railroad officials ordered one of their employees to accompany him to London. Upon arrival in that city Lord Douglass put up at a hotel, and when the attendant was not looking he cut his throat. The tragic death of Lady Brassey, who plunged into the sea from her yacht while suffering from fever, will long be remembered. She was one of the most ambitious of women and remarkably talented. When she jumped overboard her husband dived after her and it was with some difficulty that he was rescued from sharing her fate.

A story of suicide in which sentiment is mingled is that of the Prince of Bandouin, heir to the throne of Belgium. The youthful Prince loved beneath his station and finding that love could never be realized, sought peace in the eternal silence of the grave. It is only a few years ago since Prince Rudolph of Austria and Marie Vetsera ended their liaison in a manner that shocked the entire world.

In China suicide has been a fine art for several centuries. If a mandarin is guilty of misconduct he is requested to put himself out of the land of the living. There is a distinction, too, in the manner in which the Oriental may die. If he is of exalted rank and entitled to wear the peacock feather, he is privileged to choke himself to death with gold leaf. This is regarded as a distinguished manner of ending life. If the mandarin is only of the rank that is entitled to wear the red button, he must be content with strangling himself with a silken cord. Such are the distinctions of caste. In Japan hari-kari is the favorite mode of suicide, while in India the Juggernaut and the suttee were long established methods of self destruction.

The suicidal mania has increased alarmingly all over the world during the past year, more people having killed themselves in the city of New York in 1906 than in all the United

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States in any single year a decade before and more women killed themselves, or attempted to kill themselves in Los Angeles in 1896 than in the ten years all over California from 1860 to 1870.

It is a favorite declaration of many preachers and of some others that only cowards commit suicide. This statement is as untrue and as unChristian as it is reckless and inhuman—for at least a big majority of men who have taken their own lives have been persons of courage. There have been hundreds of noteworthy examples.

Charles A. Dana's Ideals.

Once free to embody his view of the aims and standards of journalistic work, Mr. Dana produced a newspaper which in this country had then no parallel in respect to keenness of comprehensiveness, and trustworthiness of observation; breadth and accuracy of knowledge; luminous and fruitful scholarship; soundness of reasoning and matured good sense. He justified the title of his journal, for in it he offered a daily conspectus of all that meets the solar rays. For the first time it might be said of an American editor that, while graduating the space allotted to each subject by its relative importance, he did in very truth obey the dictum of Dr. Johnson, and survey mankind from China to Peru. His conception of news and editorial comment differed widely from that of preceding editors. He believed that, not only as regards local incidents and local politics, but as regards the personages, events, movements, discoveries, and discussions of the world at large, a great newspaper ought to be, *not only the abstract and brief chronicle, but, we may add, the expounder of the time.* Besides discharging its former news-gathering function, he thought that a daily journal should supplant the lecturer, supplement the pulpit, and absorb the old-fashioned magazine and quarterly review. Here, again, Mr. Dana stood forth as the author of an innovation of incalculable value. He may be said to have invented the cheapest and most useful instrument of popular education that the world has known. What he once made of the *Weekly Tribune* he incomparably expanded and improved upon in the *Sunday Sun*.

Where Are They?

Mr. and Mrs. E. Gerson have returned from their outing at Catalina.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hampton are at the Hotel Del Monte being on a coast tour from Los Angeles to San Francisco in a Reo car.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Moss are also at Del Monte on their way to San Francisco in a Reo car.

Among other Los Angeles guests at Del Monte are Mr. and Mrs. Horace S. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Kline, Miss Ida George and Miss Bertha Smith.

Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Kennedy, of 1172 West Adams street, are sojourning at Catalina Island.

The Misses Grace and Helen Kenney have returned from Santa Barbara.

Miss Winifred Dejeke, who has been the guest of Mrs. Jack De Ruyter, of 1123 West Sixth street, left for San Francisco last week.

The Misses Pansy and Belle Whitaker, of 815 West Eighteenth street, left last week for the east.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. G. Posey, of 650 West Twenty-third street, have taken a cottage at Playa del Rey for the summer.

Mrs. F. L. Moore and Miss Sylvia Moore, of Hotel Lankershim, are at Catalina.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Brand, of Glendale, will shortly leave for Denver.

Mrs. W. A. Barker and sons have returned from Europe.

Receptions.

July 30—Mrs. R. P. Sherman, 1935 Oxford avenue; cards.

July 30—Mr. and Mrs. Austin Cadwallader, 533 Dearborn avenue, porch party.

July 30—Misses Estelle and Lillian Williamson, 136 Magnolia avenue; for Miss Maude Willis.

July 31—Miss Elise Hotchkiss, 1620 Maple avenue; for Miss Kate Robinsn.

August 3—Mrs. T. W. T. Richards, 1619 Bonnie Brae; cards for Miss Kate Robinson.

Weddings.

August 8—Miss Kate Robinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Robinson, of 923 South Union avenue; to Mr. Robert Bruce Wallace.

The following residents of Los Angeles registered at the Hotel Majestic, San Francisco, during the past week: H. L. Harris, Mrs. H. W. Frank and son, Geo. I. Taylor, W. C. Folsom, A. M. Squire, R. M. Fulton, Esther A. O'Neil, J. N. Densham, M. S. Hellman, H. A. Hunt, W. A. Lucy and wife, John W. Collins, Mrs. B. I. Miller, V. H. Turner.

Recent arrivals of Southern Californians at northern resorts are:

At Pacific Ocean House, Santa Cruz—Mrs. Hillman, San Diego; Miss A. Stewart, Miss V. Stevens, Miss Elberta M. Willis, M. C. White, L. C. Wheeler, Los Angeles.

At Hotel La Honda—Mrs. H. R. Patchell, Los Angeles.

At Highland Springs—Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Adler, Herbert C. Adler, Martin A. Adler, Los Angeles.

At Hotel Vendome, San Jose—Mrs. Finger, L. H. Long, Santa Barbara; Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Bridges, San Diego.

At Paso Robles Hot Springs—Miss H. Lehl, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Ward, Miss Inman, Miss Bean, Colonel R. M. Baker, Los Angeles; B. W. Compton, Santa Barbara; J. M. Davis, Andrew S. Allen, Pasadena; Mrs. W. N. Earle, Ocean Park.

At Cottage City—Jacob E. Flynn, Los Angeles.

At Tamalpais Tavern—Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Haines, Miss Josephine Haines, Los Angeles.

At Aetna Springs—O. C. Van Ness, Los Angeles.

At Wittier Springs—William Drummond, Bertha H. Smith, Los Angeles.

At Hotel Rafael, San Rafael—A. M. Parsons, Mrs. R. P. Troy, Master G. White, Los Angeles.

At Del Monte—Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Barnum, F. M. Byron, Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Carter, Miss Inez Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Bunk, Mrs. William P. Miller, F. W. Wachter, Mrs. Wachter, Miss Helen Wachter, A. K. Dolson.

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Lucille's Letter

My dear Harriet:—

How easily you can tell a gentlewoman from a would-be when you're shopping. One has a courteous smile and acknowledgement for the labor of the saleswoman—the other a curt, insolent stare. And, my dear, it may not be always the best dressed woman who proves her gentleness either.

You don't know what a lot of clever girls we have in our shops here. Especially was I pleased at the ribbon department at Coulter's. There were the daintiest of roses and buds and opera bags and such vanities fashioned in that department. You can find all sorts of ways and means to use ribbon. The stiff brocades, just a wee bit prim—with their trailing flowers and stately richness make beautiful girdles, and opera bags and feminine trifles. The grenadine ribbons in soft colors, just such as the belles of the hoop-skirts wore, have come into fashion again, and nowadays they fashion these grenadines into waists by means of insertion. The brocade velvets—wide brocades with raised velvet floral designs—make handsome opera bags. For drapes on hats, the gold and silver gauze ribbons are stunning, with a queer, inimitable sheen that is very rich and would give tone to a costume.

At the Boston I stumbled upon those very lace jackets for which you were inquiring. The pony jackets, with short, full sleeves, and in "below-the-belt" lengths, are exceedingly nobby. Some are fashioned of three laces, Fillet, Irish crochet and Battenburg, and some in the imitation Irish crochet. The little bolero jackets in the princesse lace, and in linen and lace combined, are quite the thing for lingerie gowns. And the Boston has some beautiful creations in these robes. They're only half-made, you know—that is, the skirts have been made, but the waists can be fashioned to suit the fancy of the prospective wearer. Of course there are some exquisite gowns that beggar description; all a riot of filmy inserts and long plumes of embroidery and soft shirring. The batiste robes in pink, blue, and white, and in white embroidered in colors, are very dainty and suitable either for afternoon or evening. They are wonderfully well made as well as of the best material and reasonably priced.

Blackstone's are planning to hold a general clearance sale of parasols early next week, and you know that's what you will take advantage of. They have them in every summer material—linen, linene, silk, etc., and in every color. Some have bands of embroidery, some a fluff of lace, some are trimly plain, others are dotted with flaring coin spots, but they are all good form. Particularly stunning are the white ones with daring contrast in black embroidery. Blackstone's are also closing out their spring and summer wool suits at half price, making way for the fall influx. I caught a glimpse—just a wee,

tantalizing peep—at some suits that have already arrived, and I am holding my breath in anticipation of the glories to come.

Have you seen those convenient traveler's roll-ups at the Ville? They are made of gay silk, with pockets and pockets and pockets in the rubber lining—and all sorts of nooks and crannies in which to tuck odds and ends. The narrow brushes and other traveling conveniences, all designed to take up as little space as possible—abound in this department. The toilette articles with their Persian-ivory mountings, are wonderfully clean and fresh looking, and surely are ideal for the girl's bed room. If you want real Parisian perfumes, from Roger and Gallet's and Coty's, and all those nice places, the Ville is ready to supply your demand. Coty's ounce and a half bottles, quaintly shaped, with gilt top, and reposing in a green kid box, would be an ornament to any dressing table. These perfumes are not inexpensive, but when you remember that it takes only a tiny whiff to give that exquisite breath of fragrance, you are convinced that it is economy to buy only the best. Don't you wish that you could persuade hubby of the wisdom of the foregoing statement?

As ever,

Lucille.

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Last Times Saturday of

"THE JILT."

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On and Off the Stage

By GEORGE A. DOBINSON

The Adventures of The Lady Ursula is the correct title of the Anthony Hope four act play which is mistakenly advertised at the Belasco Theater this week as *The Adventures of Lady Ursula*. It has been a favorite play with Virginia Harned and with Margaret Anglin in this country and with Evelyn Millard in London. It was given at the Burbank Theater here by Ralph Cummings and Laura Nelson Hall in 1901 and again at the same theater by Florence Roberts in 1903.

The dialogue of the piece has not much to recommend it for its wit or its originality. It is smooth but unsubstantial, and in point of construction the play does not approach the best work of the well known author of *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Its chief attractiveness lies in its handsome costuming and in the fact that the leading lady dons a masculine garb, which she wears during two acts of the play.

This plan of attiring the feminine central figure in a costume the opposite to her sex, has been much availed of by modern playwrights, who probably got their inspiration from the success which attended the male impersonators in the burlesque period, and successors in the comic opera regime of Offenbach and his imitators. The dramatists have used the device more sparingly, but always with the result of increasing the popularity of their work. Augustin Daly revamped Wycherly's old play *The Country Girl*, solely because he was thereby enabled to put Ada Rehan in a breeches part and the piece had had a big run in consequence and is still popular. What would Mr. Majors' *When Knighthood was in Flower* amount to without Mary Tudor in boy's clothes; with many other ex-

amples too numerous to mention. Shakespeare and the dramatists of his time had heroines who masqueraded in similar fashion, but as feminine roles were then played by beardless boys there could have been none of the attraction that lends so much charm to the present day representatives of Rosalind, Viola, Portia and Imogen. When this change of attire is desired, modern writers are always careful to put their heroine in a "costume" period. One shudders at the thought of a Lady Ursula of the twentieth century donning her brother's clothes and venturing abroad in them, nor would she be thought bewitching, but simply bold and immodest. Seen through the perspective of a century or two, and beheld in a costume that makes a frank revelation of symmetrical lines, the actress gains admiration and applause from matinee girls and bald-heads alike. Certainly Miss Albertson has achieved her principal success in the line of comedy as Lady Ursula this week. The tension of repression under which she ordinarily labors is gone and, perhaps encouraged by the unusual freedom of attire, she plunges into the "adventure" with an apparent feeling that the serious nature of her task is largely mixed with a mischievous girl's enjoyment of a frolic. Her Ursula does not lose her presence of mind, although temporarily embarrassed, in her interview with Sir George Sylvester, and certainly in the duel scene she comes off with flying colors.

Miss Albertson achieves the distinction of looking and acting like a refined young man who could be presumed to have imposed upon Sir George at her first interview. The average male impersonator makes her own sex so evident that, as in this play, for instance, Sir George appears, for a man of the world to be singularly wanting in powers of observation. Under the influence of a certain relaxation, Miss Albertson enters fully into the situation and shows very prettily to the audience

EDYTHE CHAPMAN NEILL
At the OrpheumJAMES NEILL
At the Orpheum

Ursula's enjoyment of it, as well as her occasional fright; while to the other personages in the play she preserves her assumed character. Her facial expression, with its fleeting changes, is wonderfully effective and is enlivened by the dainty and unusual costume. In passing, it may be remarked that she discards the ugly high boots which Virginia Harned used to conceal the "pretty leg" which her Sir George was made to admire senselessly without seeing. Miss Albertson is under no necessity to wear high boots.

Sir George Sylvester, in the person of Mr. Bosworth, so completely dominates the situation when among his male associates, that his audience has eyes for none of them when he is on the stage. His manner of wearing the trying costume of the eighteenth century is perfect and in the courtesy of the period and the delivery of his lines he is an ideal embodiment of the beau of the early part of George the Third's reign, the period that saw the last of the powdered wig, the breeches, the full skirted coat, the dress sword, and later, marked by the entrance into fashion of the sober cloth coat, the neat pantaloons, the disappearance of the wig and ruffles and the ultimate adoption of dark colors for men's dress.

The play is mounted in a tasteful and appropriate style and the rest of the characters are well sustained. Mr. Yerance as the Reverend Mr. Blimboe (not Bumboe, as the bills have it) is excellent; he played the same part with Florence Roberts four years ago. Mr. Glazier as Hassenden is sufficiently aggressive. Mr. Scott as Dent is as impertinent as the part requires, and the lines of Castleton are delivered with spirit by Mr. Whitney, a new comer to the company. Miss Farrington and Miss Cary have but little to do in the piece but do that little in perfect keeping with it.

Dion Boucicault was a dramatist of great assimilative powers and he generally improved upon his borrowings. He was also a remarkably good delineator of Irish character upon the stage. His earliest work, *London Assurance*,

holds the boards today as a representative classic comedy with strong literary merit. Boucicault was the originator of the "sensation" drama, so-called, and the London Adelphi theater was packed for hundreds of nights in the sixties to see his *Thrilling Leap*, as Myles-na-Coppaleen, to save Eily O'Connor, the sweet Colleen Bawn.

Among his later works *The Jilt* achieved considerable public favor. It is inferior to *London Assurance*, both in the wit of the dialogue and the quality of the construction. It has a somewhat rambling plot but it has a more human interest after all than its predecessor which represents the formal manners of an older time. *The Jilt* was supposed to be up-to-date at the time of its production about 1884 and it is interesting to compare it with its successors of a similar type, not always to the advantage of the latter.

Boucicault himself appeared in *The Jilt* in this city at the Grand Opera House in 1887, and it has been played here in stock since. Its revival at the Burbank theater this week by the Morosco Stock Company with Mr. Frawley at the head, gives the last named gentleman an excellent opportunity to prove to his few detractors that he has neither deteriorated in ability nor lost in popularity. As Myles O'Hara, Mr. Frawley's quiet, dry, sententious style admirably suits the lines, and the assumption of unconscious humor in many of the sarcasms in which Myles indulges are quite well appreciated by an audience that, for the most part, is not accustomed to this kind of dialogue.

Mr. Beasley, the new arrival in the company, makes himself at home at once by a natural exhibition of acting in which spontaneity and good humor are combined. Mr. Burton is effusive and hearty in his own pleasant way as the fine, old Colonel Tudor. Mr. Mestayer, as his son, seems to be pining for one of his favorite character parts. Mr. Duffield has to stand for being humiliated as a black-leg English peer. Mr. Stockbridge cleverly makes something out of nothing as a near-sighted clergyman, and Mr. Ginn, as Jim Daisy, the turf scoundrel, makes an attempt at Yorkshire dialect which would not be understood at all if it were better done.

Miss Hall and Miss Gilbert respectively toy with their parts. They have no chance to orate or declaim, and are perhaps unhappy in consequence. Miss Royce is adequate as Mrs. Welter, and Miss Esmond, as her daughter, Phyllis, has a star part of the ingénue kind, which she acts with her well-known grace and abandon. In the scene in which Phyllis rushes on and faints after riding the winner of the race, Miss Esmond makes the mistake of appearing in a jockey's shirt and cap and a divided skirt, the latter, a garment then unknown. Julia Dean, in the same part, wore a full jockey costume including, of course, riding breeches, a much more effective outfit. The fact that Phyllis could not have time to change her clothes at all is no more inconsistent than other incidents in the play, and therefore deserves no consideration.

In the closing nights of her engagement last week Miss Barrymore appeared in a little one act sermonette entitled, *Carrots*, the chief feature of which was the contrast afforded to the work the actress had performed in that worn out absurdity, *Captain Jinks*. The character of the shrinking boy is inconsistently drawn. Cowed into submission by ill usage, lying to order, and abjectly afraid, he is yet supposed to have a reserve of will power which transforms him at the very weak climax that ends the sketch. From a literary point of

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view the little play bears the marks of being the crude work of an inexperienced juvenile dramatist, borrowed from some French story book original.

Trusty Tips.

Grand—*East Lynne*, the ever popular masterpiece of emotional drama, will be the offering by the Ulrich Stock Company at the Grand Opera House for the week of August 4. The management has been besieged by requests from the patrons of the house for a repetition of this play and in response will give it the best production that it has ever seen in Los Angeles. Florence Barker will be seen in the character of Barbara Hare, Lillian Hayward is cast for Lady Isabel and the new member of the company, little Leila Bliss, will play the child's part of Little Willie.

Orpheum—The Orpheum announcements for the week of August 5 are sure to find favor

with the patrons of the popular vaudeville house.

The announcement that James Neill and Edythe Chapman Neill are to appear at the Orpheum next Monday evening will be received with the greatest pleasure by the theater-going public. These two artists are admittedly at the summit of their profession and rejoice in an enormous and well deserved popularity. During the many years that they have appeared here they have never failed to satisfy their audiences and their names are synonymous for all that is best in dramatic art. They will present a comedy by Julian Street, entitled, *The Lady Across the Hall*.

The Stunning Grenadiers is an elaborate production containing four scenes, four complete changes of costume and many bewilderingly beautiful effects. With the "Grenadiers, who are in reality six magnificent young women, are Meredith Meredro, the American prima donna, who has recently created a

sensation in London, and Maude Corbett, an English comedienne of more than ordinary reputation.

Roberts, Hayes and Roberts will present an uproariously funny sketch, *The Cowboy, the Swell and the Lady*—one of the greatest vaudeville hits of the season.

Benjamin Chapin will be seen again in his Lincoln play, Muller, Chum and Muller in their hoop rolling novelty, and Willard Simms, the popular comedian, will repeat the wall-papering scene which has made him famous.

Belasco—Belasco and De Mille's *Charity Ball*, which has survived many seasons but is always interesting, will hold the boards for the coming week.

Morosco's—Blanche Hall should find splendid opportunity in the winsome Lady Babbie of Barrie's *Little Minister*, which will be the bill, commencing Sunday afternoon.

Among the Artists

By RENE T. DE QUELIN

On Monday, August 5, an exhibition of marines by Charles Henry Grant opens in the Steckel Galleries. This painter gives us a different phase of sea life from that which has been shown recently of the dark, intense, deep blue ocean by John Donovan. Most of Mr. Grant's scenes are familiar dramatic incidents of the coast. This artist was born in Oswego, New York, in 1886 and as a lad spent a great part of his time at Oswego Harbor, on Lake Ontario, there imbibing all that the great lakes had to offer with its waters and shipping. His love and natural taste for the water was thereby encouraged and constantly nourished by its ever-changing scenes. At the age of fourteen an interesting incident occurred to him, that was perhaps the very start and foundation for his future career. He knew of a lady of wealth who had bought a very large marine painting by a noted artist; the talent that lay dormant within him became fired, a desire to see the painting took possession of him but how to manage this was somewhat difficult as he knew no one to introduce him to the lady, and to his young years the mere mention of great wealth was something to inspire awe and fear. But after a time he mustered courage to call and ask to be allowed to see the painting, which, when its owner discovered his enthusiasm and love for art he was permitted to copy, and this was the beginning of Mr. Grant's artistic career. When opportunity presented itself he went to New York City and entered the National Academy of Design and afterward placed himself with M. H. F. de Haas, a celebrated painter, considered in his day one of the strongest men in New York, and who limited himself to five pupils; was at one time Court painter to the Queen of Holland and gained the decoration of the Legion of Honor, and was chevalier of the Order of Leopold of Belgium, and a man who had the peculiar quality of infusing all the fire and enthusiasm of his art into his pupils.

We illustrate one of Mr. Grant's paintings called *Breezy Day*, a work full of life, vigor and interest. A two masted schooner bowling along before a good fresh breeze, with a choppy sea; sea and sky are both very well rendered and the whole painting is spirited, and strong, executed with a dash that is justly sustaining throughout. It is a picture which holds us with no uncommon interest and should be a favorite with those who are interested in

marines.

Off Point Judith, is another good painting showing us an excursion steamer of the well-known type. This shows the boat having been caught in a summer storm and she is making heavy weather of it. By the color of the water we see that she is not far off shore. The sea is strongly rendered, also the sky and the boat nicely drawn, the whole well-composed, good in color, and full of action and atmosphere.

Passengers All Below again gives us the rendering of bad weather. *Sunlit Sea* is the more cheerful for all concerned and we can send our *bon voyage* to those on the outward bound steamer with good heart as all is peace and happiness.

In Mr. Grant's rendering of war vessels as *Under Sealed Orders* and *Looking for the Enemy*, we feel that he has not made himself so familiar with the type as he should have. In the mercantile marine he has used his knowledge with greater accuracy; except in isolated cases in some of his paintings of square rigged vessels of the merchant service he uses single topsails, painting upon the same canvas modern steamers, which determines his square rigged sailing vessel to be of today, and such a rig is not now used, nor has it been for the last fifty years, these having been divided into two yards to economize on the strength of the crew, making the former enormous topsail more easily handled by the limited number of ten men. The single topsail has always remained on war vessels as long as they carried canvas, owing to the large crews and every facility to handle the vessels in moments of sudden or immediate danger. These are details that should be thoroughly understood and studied by the marine painter. Correct knowledge is one of the first essentials. We find his battleships out of proportion, the hulls being about one-third the size they should be according to the size of their superstructure, and the size of the men is also impossible. No amount of artistic license will admit such error, which, in this case, detracts much from an otherwise well painted canvas, that shows the mastery over color and good technique. It is to be hoped that such a clever painter as Mr. Grant will give this question more serious and deeper study and become familiar with all craft and their respective rigs according to the dates and periods in which they are depicted; and above all

should the war vessel be of good proportions.

In the painting of schooners Mr. Grant is excellent and also on his sailing ships with the exception of the few cases referred to. His color effects are admirable, showing a true knowledge of water as known within a fifty mile limit of the shore.

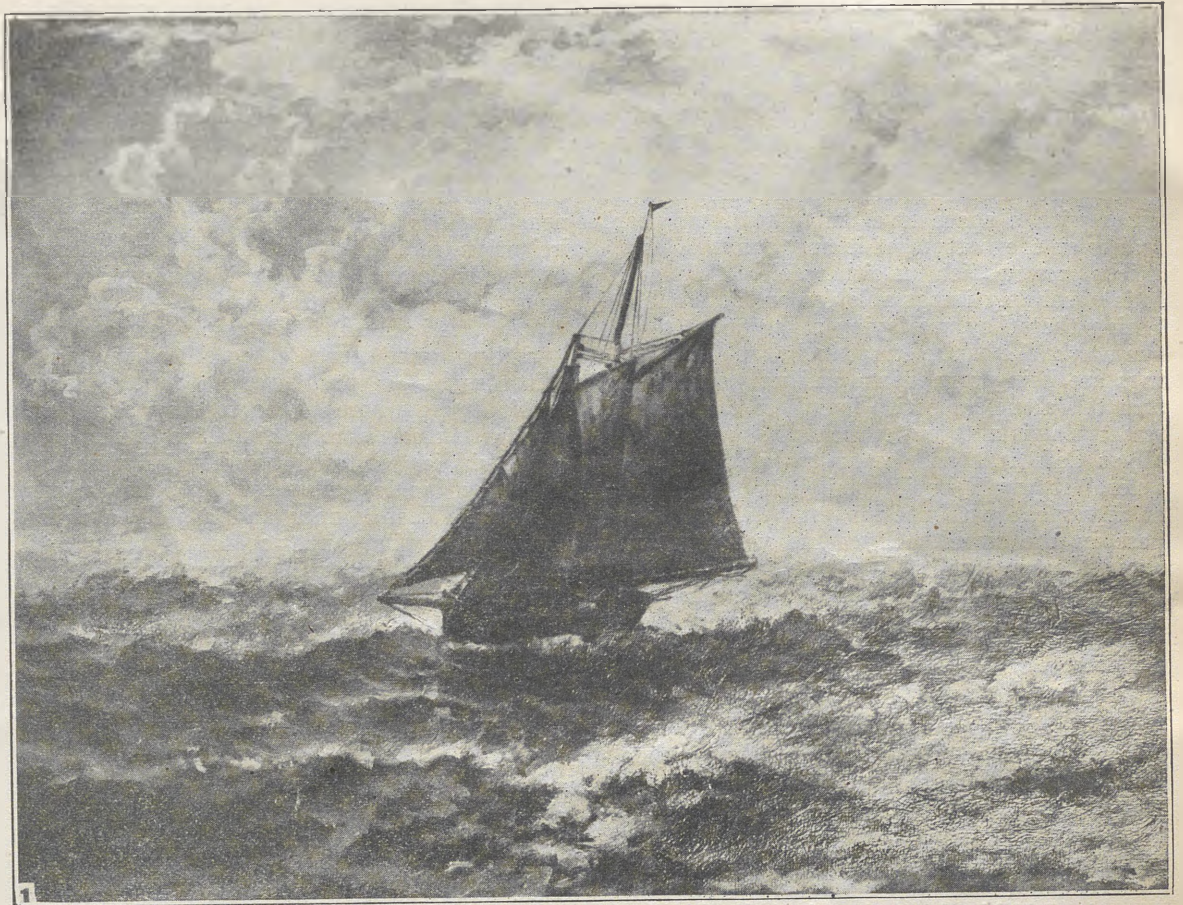
It is noted with great pleasure that three Burne-Jones tapestries have been presented to the Birmingham City Art Gallery, in England. They were made on the hand-loom of Messrs. Morris & Co., of Merton Abbey, and belong to the series which illustrate the quest of the Holy Grail. The largest is twenty feet by eight feet. They are of high warp, as are all produced on the Morris looms, which take pattern in all particulars from the celebrated ancient Gobelins, in Paris. It was William Morris who re-established the practically lost art of arras tapestry, which he did by the aid of an old French book and the model of an old loom which gave him the clue of how it was done. He then set his pupils to work teaching them the process and built full sized looms specially for this purpose at Merton, which enterprise has thrived well and its products steadily advanced in quality. The last work designed by Burne-Jones before his death, called the *Passing of Venus*, has been in these looms for several years. The tapestry being so large, some time will be required for its completion. Recently they have produced beautiful tapestries which fill the east end and the space over the altar at Eton Chapel.

In the paintings bequeathed by Mr. Yerkes to the City of New York, there are four works of peculiar interest to the student. A work by Cordegliahi, a *Madonna With Donor*, bears his signature, but is nevertheless, a close replica of the *Madonna of Previtali*, belonging to Dr. Frizzoni. This last case of close resemblance between the two, together with their similar signatures, induces some to adopt the belief that Cordegliahi and Previtali were one and the same. Andrea Solari's *Annunciation*, which aroused interest at the Burlington Fine Arts Club exposition, in 1899, is to be found in this collection. An *Assumption of the Virgin*, typically Siennese, would be at once ascribed to Bartolo di Fredi were it not for the signature, which shows it to be the work of his son, Andrea di Bartolo, and the second signed work of his which is

known, the other being a picture in SS. Pietro e Paolo, at Buonconvento, mentioned by Milanesi. An obviously false Ghirlandajo of a female head, is a modern copy after that interesting artist of Lucca who painted the tondo of the Madonna and St. Jerome, with a donor and his wife, owned by Francis Lathrop, of New York. There are two works cited as his, a San Biagio and a Santa Lucia in the collection of Marchese Mazzarosa and a Madonna and Saints in the Pinacoteca of the same city.

At the Burlington Fine Arts Club exposition there appeared two pictures by Lorenzo Lotto, belonging to Mr. Robert Benson. These rather unknown Venetian pictures—a *Madonna* and a *Susanna*—came to light for the first time at this exhibit. They have charming landscape backgrounds containing some Flemish elements. Palma Vecchio was represented by a portrait in the same collection, possibly of himself, and the remarkable *Miser* of the Kent collection was also in evidence. Some think this a copy and others regard it positively as the original. *The Triumphal Procession*, belonging to Sir Frederick Cook, is of the Giongione school. This school is a very interesting one, which occupied the first half of the sixteenth century and perhaps was the most widely known of that period as it had many pupils and followers, so that it becomes at times, extremely difficult to recognize the master's work from that of his followers'. Another clever Venetian was Basaili, whose *Portrait of A Man* is owned by Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson. Another Domenico Caprioli was a fine male portrait that is in the Bowes Museum, Barnard Castle. The Duke of Devonshire owns one of the Giongione period portraits by Cariani which shows the strong influence of this school.

The beautiful Norman Church of Ely, where architectural and sculptural art attract so many American visitors, lately commemorated its eight hundredth anniversary. Its history is among the most interesting of all the stately cathedrals of the Fenlands, it having been the first monastery on the Isle of Ely, and founded by the daughter of the King of East Angles. It was left in ruins after the invasion by the Danes, but was rebuilt. Again it was destroyed and the monks who espoused the cause driven out. The present church was begun by Abbot Simeon, and the East End, a remarkable piece of early English architecture, was finished by Abbot Richard. The Western Tower is Romanesque, and the Lady Chapel shows a later period of the fourteenth century marking the transition from the decorated to the perpendicular Gothic.



"BREEZY DAY"

Painted by Charles Henry Grant

An appreciation of Eugene Carriere, by Henry Copley Green, accompanied by some illustrations of excellent examples of Carriere's work is to be found in the current number of the *Century Magazine*. This painter was one of the many who for a long time was greatly misunderstood, and only the hard fighting persistency of his determined nature finally won him recognition. His death, which occurred in March, 1906, cut short a career decidedly unfinished, and the famous French sculptor, Rodin, says of him, "Better than his contemporaries, those who are still to come, those who will understand, will work out his glory." This already begins to prove true.

John A. Donovan met with great success in the sale of his marines during the exhibition which has just closed. This goes far to encourage the artist to greater efforts and more ambitious work. The painters who render deep water with such a masterly technique and perfect understanding of the deep black-blue ocean can be counted on one's fingers, and many a strong and well established artist

would give much to have the same facility and power for such rendering as Mr. Donovan's. We prophesy wonderful things from this hard-working and earnest painter within the next few years. Those who desire marines will do well to secure his present work.

Howard Chandler Chisty has gone into retirement at his old country home in Ohio for quiet and rest in order to improve his impaired health.

Next to Charles Dana Gibson, Mr. Christy has had greater financial success than any other American artist, and he gave up something like a thousand dollars a week which he earned by his portrayal of femininity, to secure a much needed rest.

To sculptors it is interesting to know that it has been proved by recent careful research and by numerous specimens extant, that casting in piece moulds was known in Egypt at the beginning of the Hellenistic period and became more general in Egypt than elsewhere in ancient times.

Autos and Autoists

By JACK DENSHAM

San Francisco, July 27.

San Francisco may be changed and her streets reduced to a mass of dust and rubble, the locality of the promenade part of town has shifted, but the San Francisco girls are just as sweet as ever, God love 'em. They wear the same stunning gowns and have the same beautiful complexions as of old. I find it just as hard as usual to prevent myself from dropping anchor at some corner and, rubbering all day long as the sweet creatures pass by.

I guess an account of my doings personally since I left Los Angeles, would be about as interesting as anything I could write about autos. If you don't like it you can skip

this week and next as well, for I do not expect to be back in time to write any Los Angeles news for next week's issue. I arrived here about one o'clock last Tuesday and immediately went in search of the genial editor-in-chief, who is up here at present. Having announced my arrival I set sail again for the *Examiner* office where I hoped to find a yachtsman who would give me information. Coming out of the office, which by the way is down in the wilds of the water-front two blocks south of the ferry, I heard a familiar voice hailing me. I turned around and discovered the only really original Percival Colquhoun Van Puyster Jefferies seated in the tonneau of a

Cadillac.

I climbed in beside him and we swapped explanations as to our several reasons for being there. About this time Mr. Hull arrived. He was driving the car and kindly consented to take me to the office of the transfer company where I had some dunnage to collect. Mr. Hull, by the way, is a Cadillac man and is connected with the Cuyler Lee garage, the local home of the "Never stops."

Jogging along the road to the ferry building I did not notice the roads very much as they are cobbled and are naturally bumpy but not very rough otherwise. But, when we started up Market street, I began to sit up and take

notice. During my ride uptown and back on the street cars, I had not noticed the roads particularly, so taken up was I by the panorama of the destruction around me. This was my first visit here since the fire. Now, however, I had a chance to see just how bad roads could be. Honestly, it is beyond description. The lower part of Market street is nothing but a ditch with a space level enough for two car tracks at the bottom of it and banks of dirt, bricks and rubbish on either side. In places it is absolutely impassable for an automobile. Seeing that they are laying a heavy tract on the north side of the street and that old buildings are being torn down and new ones constructed along its entire length east of Third street, this is not very surprising. We turned off at California and began to hit the chuck holes. It would be impossible to take these at any speed with the longest possible wheel base in the world. Of course you try and avoid them as far as may be but, if a wheel hits one, it goes down to the hub. And this is no exaggeration, as anybody who has been up there will tell you. As we approached the rise over the hill the street was cobbled and the chuck holes very few. Then Hull said he was going to show me how the Cadillac takes the hills and he bolted up that incline on the intermediate at a rattling speed. The hill is mighty steep in some places; in fact I should have been far more comfortable if I had turned around and used the back for a seat and the seat for a back. Percival J. sang aloud in his glee and praised the Cadillac in no unflattering terms. Occasionally he called to me to turn back and see where we had come from and it made me dizzy to look

Down the other side we again reached the vale of chuck holes and auto anxiety. Bump, bump, bumpety bump until we reached the pavement of Van Ness avenue and slipped quietly down to Golden Gate avenue where is auto row. I had with me a letter to Mr. Cuyler Lee from the estimable Don of that ilk, but he was not in so we three adjourned to a near-by place of refreshment and, by judicious irrigation, removed much of the dust of travel from our several oesophagi, greatly to our mutual comfort and delectation.

The mystic hour of five being now at hand I hid me once more to the office where the editor-in-chief hangs out *pro tem*. Thence to his house where I was to stay all night. A warm welcome from Mrs. E.-in-C. and two of the kiddies, all looking wonderfully healthy from the bracing effect of the keen winds the bay. Then dinner and a jolly evening with automobiles and yachts forgotten and not a thing in the world to worry me. (Not that I ever let anything worry me—it is a bad principle.)

Now all this time the crew of the *Valkyrie* were over at Sausalito where I should have been, working away at rigging the boat, stepping the mast, and performing many arduous stunts. In the morning I communed with myself. I knew that it was my direct duty to take the first ferry for Sausalito, change my clothes and dig in. But, on the other hand, there were other things that I wished to do in San Francisco. I wanted to go around and see the auto people for the benefit of the readers of the *Graphic* and—well there were enough of them to do the work anyway, lazy things. Do 'em good to graft for a change. Therefore I stayed in town.

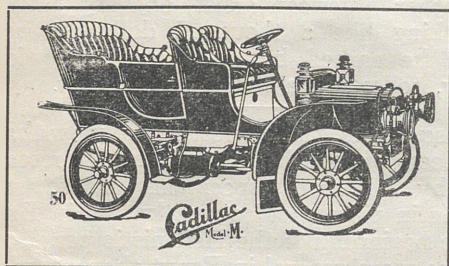
First to Van Ness and Market where I discovered the White garage and Mr. Gardner. It seems that the good Harmon Ryus had given me something of a send-off in a letter and I was greeted very cordially. I noticed here for the first time, what I have seen everywhere since. The San Francisco auto men seem to be very much busier than they are with us. They do not sell more machines and they do not have to hustle harder to get purchasers, but they have to compress their day's business into a short space of time as do all the business men. The city is so spread out, the roads are so bad and the cars so much slower than they are in Los Angeles that a man must rise at the mystic hour of dawn and eat dinner late in the evening if he is to spend the whole day at his office. I am saying quite a little about the bad roads and the cars and it may appear that I am knocking generally. That is not my intention. Considering the total wreckage of the business district and the labor troubles, it is perfectly marvelous to see the progress that has been made. The old spirit of San Francisco is predominant and I doubt if there be another city in the world that would have come through the way San Francisco has.

Mr Gardner took me into his private office, sat me down and began to talk about yachts. As soon as these good people hear that I have come up to sail on the *Valkyrie*, they immediately start off on the yachting game and I generally forget all about autos and come away with a very pleasant recollection of a cordial reception, but absolutely no information. I thought of this, however, after some minutes and asked Mr. Gardner how the auto situation is. He tells me that sales are going along very nicely but that there is a very pronounced tightening of the money market. This he explains, as have several other prominent business men, by putting it down to a natural

reaction from the period of free money spending when the insurance companies were settling the claims against them. During that period money was very easy and everybody was spending it hand over fist. Now, however, they are settling down to realities. Not only that, but the wealthy people are almost land and building poor. Their money is tied up in buildings that are incomplete, they have no income from any of their property and it is all going out and nothing coming in. The great mass of the people are earning good wages and in that way the city is prosperous, but it is not the working men or clerks who buy autos. In other words, money is circulating freely enough, but it is merely going round and round and those little eddies and back-washes which usually go to swell the spending overflow of property owners and capitalists, are turned back to the main stream by way of the building activity.

The White seems to be the favorite car here. This is natural in a city of hills and rough roads like this. Many people find it much easier to negotiate a hill with a car which you do not have to continually change gears and run the engine at full speed before you have the requisite force to start up hill. The White garage covers the entire depth of one block so that it has a front and a rear entrance. I saw a notice requesting all drivers to enter by the front and depart by the rear entrances. I appreciated the wisdom of this when I noticed that the entire place was chock-a-block with machines. Many of them were

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there for repairs and were of all makes. It does not take long for a machine to need repairs when it undergoes the rigorous treatment afforded by bumping round town for a few weeks.

I left Mr. Gardner after he had kindly walked several blocks with me to initiate me into the mysteries of how to get there on the street cars, and made for Auto Row again. I had a letter from the irrepressible E. Jr. Bennett to Mr. Cooper of the San Francisco Wayne agency. I found the place but no Mr. Cooper; in fact I have not been able to find him yet. It seems that he is doing much demonstrating these days and is naturally a very busy man. I shall make a point of finding him before next week, however, and will have something then to say about the Wayne and the hilly city.

Thence to the Auto Livery, which has an excellent location at the corner of Golden Gate and Van Ness. Here, so the genial H. O. had informed me, I should find Mr. Max Rosenfeld, who looks out for the local welfare of the Peerless. This information turned out to be correct and Mr. Rosenfeld courteously showed me around the place. Like nearly all the garages here, which are of necessity in temporary quarters, the Auto Livery is in a wooden building, but it has a large floor space and is conveniently arranged with a gallery for the office and chauffeurs' lockers and a large workshop on the floor above to which leads an elevator large enough to carry an auto. On the floor stand machines of every make and size for the convenience of those who wish to hire an auto. Rumor tells me that these good people who rent autos get a very good price. Well, they deserve it for they certainly take chances enough of putting their autos on the "blink."

Then I went after "Oh, Sackett," and I found him. He was in the Pioneer garage and was talking to a doctor when I was introduced. I recognized the fact that there was a sale in the air so I discreetly withdrew and waited until the genial ployplot man floated up to me with another hand-shake and an expression of pleasure at seeing me. Everything seems to be prosperous with the foreign cars. Their sale is slow because the price is high, but Sackett wore a smile of satisfaction that no amount of bluff could place there, so I figure that he has nothing to complain of.

Then I sprang my surprise. Quoth I, "Young fellow, I have much dunnage scattered over the city and I want you to take a car and place me around in different places till I can get my baggage together." A look of sad regret o'erspread the countenance of our called-one. I am not joshing in this instance for I know that he would have given quite a little to take me around with him and show me the town, but he could not do it. Enter then one genial creature by the name of Hearst—no relation to the redoubtable William Randolph. He was going to the ferry to meet his wife and would not only take me along, but would collect my dunnage for me even though it was at the farthest ends of the earth. He did it too and talked very entertainingly en route. The machine he was driving was an Oldsmobile. The Pioneer people have this agency as well as the Winton, Locomobile and the polyplot collection introduced by Sackett.

I reached the ferry at 2:30, bade good-bye to Mr. Hearst and took the boat for Sausalito. On my way through the gates I felt

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a slap on my back and, turning round, I dis-
covered Louie Vetter and a bunch of other
good men from Los Angeles on their way to
the Bohemian Club Jinks. On the boat I
wended my way to the upper part of the fore
deck in order to get some line on the wind as
it blows at that time in the afternoon in the
open bay. Louie came up and began talking
to me about yachts and it reminded me of an
effort of mine which appeared in the *Graphic*
last year about the time of the Honolulu yacht
race. You will remember that Louie went
with Commodore Sinclair on the winning
yacht *Lurline*. If I remember rightly the
jingles ran something like this:

*Poor Louie Vetter standing there,
How innocent is he;
He does not know that Sinclair is
A bucko man at sea.*

*For, when they get outside the heads,
The Commodore will shout,
"Oh, Bo'sun, pipe the call 'All Hands'
And turn the lubbers out."*

*"Come, douse those dudish duds, you swabs;
Put on some dungaree,
And anyone who has complaints
Will have to deal with me."*

*"Fritz Overton, you're cabinboy.
And Louie, cook will be;
As ye fear death, I bid ye cook
The very best for me."*

I reminded the good "Split-'em-up-and-take-
the-risk" man of this and we had a good
laugh together. Some of the others came up
and talked about yachting but my heart
was in my boots, for I had to meet my captain,
the owner, and the rest of the crew and ex-
plain my absence.

I left the pier at Sausalito and walked around
to the club-house, leaving my dunnage at the
depot. The whole gang was aboard working
away like slaves. When they saw me a yell
of rage arose and I fled in terror.

I am sending in some other dope which
confesses to be about yachts, whereas this is
supposed to be about automobiles. For the
other details of my adventures see said con-
tribution. That is, if the ogre of the home
office—that's Scott—sees fit to run it. He
may and he may not; it depends entirely
upon his temper. I have known days when
he would greet me with a smile and others
when he frowned with such dreadful meaning
that I fled without closing the door. Any-
way I have sized up the automobile situation
in San Francisco to the best of my ability thus:
The roads are bad, the hills are bad, conditions
physically are bad. There is a great demand
for autos in a certain very limited coterie
of the population. I say "coterie" because
the members of it are principally of the old-
time families who have outlying property and
money therewith. Many of them are engaged
in mercantile business and for these the de-
mand is doubly great. But these same auto
purchasers are very wise. They need the very
best machines and are willing to pay for them.
The average man who would buy a cheaper
machine under ordinary circumstances, is
going without at present. This means that
there are hard times for some of the agencies.
They may hang on till better times come and
they may not. Between now and the autumn,
so it looks to me, there will be fewer agencies
in San Francisco than there are at present.
I hope not. I would like to see this great
industry thrive and flourish with the growth
of the new city. Eventually it will, but just

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now money is hard to lay hold of and there may be a thinning out.

These are not the words of a great financier on the inside, nor the sayings of a business prophet. Merely the ideas of a scribbler whose business it is to nose around and find out what is going on. I have nosed while looking very British and innocent. I think I am right. Maybe I am wrong.

* * * *

Mr. W. D. Newerf has returned from San Francisco quite elated with the volume of business that the new branch of the "House of Goodyear" is having. Two hundred tires in ten days—almost a record breaker. Carl Newerf and Al Leonard are in charge of the tire dispensary, which is located on Golden Gate avenue.

Mr. N. L. Clayberg, who, besides being heavily interested in the local Duro factory, represented the popular Tourist at Santa Paula, is in town with plans for the cutting of the New-hall grade which, if adopted, will undoubtedly make the route from here to Pismo more popular. With the tiresome grade eliminated, this route by way of Piru and Fillmore, will be ten miles shorter than the old valley way. Mr. Leon T. Shettler, who has charge of the undertaking from this end, is heartily in accord with Mr. Clayberg's views.

Mr. John T. Bill and family are rustivating in the mountains near Wilson's Peak.

In all likelihood the Billington Motor Car Co., that has been located here since last spring, will take the air cooled Knox to Seattle. According to Mr. Billington the latter town is just waking up to the possibilities of the auto.

Mr. Nelson and the Diamond tires move this week from the Chanslor-Lyon establishment to Twelfth and Main street.

Long Beach is on the auto map for sure; how else account for the Goodyear tires being represented in the thirst town by the volcanic volcano, F. S. Hutchins. What d'ye know, about this, anyhow?

Mr. Ed Caister has returned after a month's visit to the Locomobile factory at Bridgeport, Conn. Edward says that the '07 model is mighty near perfection, and that the '08 will be almost a counterpart.

Leon T. Shettler went east a few weeks ago. He has been home for two weeks and as usual things have begun to "eventuate." Last week he broke the time record for the Los Angeles-San Diego run. This week he announces that in October he will have on sale twenty-five 4-cylinder Reos, built to his specification on a special order. This model will have a four cylinder engine, 4 1-4 by 5 1-5 under the hood, bevel gear drive with selective transmission, 106 inch wheel base, and I-beam front axle; guaranteed personally by Mr. Shettler for one year.

It was the intention of the Reo company to put off the manufacture of the four cylinder car until 1908, as the entire output of the factory up to October of that year is sold, but Mr. Shettler's well-known persuasive powers changed the program to the advantage of Southern California. As a result twenty-five local automobile owners will have cars next fall that cannot be duplicated elsewhere in the country. The arrival of the new cars will be watched for with interest by all motorists.

If you are looking for "Quality"—Investigate America's most reliable Touring Cars.

THE LOGOMOBILE AND THE WINTON

Cars on exhibition in our salesrooms.

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Our garage is never closed. Expert Mechanics always in attendance.

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Road conditions that halt and maim cars of high cost, high power and higher claims do not worry the "Show Me" MITCHELL. No car—European or American—ever made a cleaner record or proved so satisfactory on a road tour of any description—even on the famed boulevards of Europe.

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Financial

The contract for the new bank building at Rialto has been let to James McNair.

Ninety percent of the stockholders of the Riverside Savings Bank and Trust Company have decided in favor of merging with the First National. It is thought that the stockholders of the latter will vote for consolidation. The former has reduced its capital stock to \$200,000. The banks will retain their present locations and clerks. The combined deposits of the two banks will be \$2,500,000 and capital and surplus \$350,000.

The First National Bank, of Upland, has just celebrated its first anniversary. It announces that in one year its deposits have grown from \$602.57 to \$75,860.92.

The directors of the new City National Bank, of Long Beach, have decided to make their banking house building three stories in height instead of two.

By October 15, the First National Bank, of Goldfield, will have thrown open its doors with a capital stock of \$200,000. The Comptroller of the Currency has approved the application for this bank, made by William Babcock, of 80 Broadway, New York; R. M. Rogers, William H. Blach and M. D. Chapman.

The Estancia Savings Bank, of Estancia, N. M., has incorporated with a capital stock of \$15,000. The incorporators are: C. H. Hittson, S. A. Goldsmith, O. L. Zook, James Walker, and others.

The Manhattan Savings Bank, of Los Angeles, will, on August 6, increase its capital stock from \$25,000 to \$50,000. This bank and the National Bank of Commerce will move to the present quarters of the Merchants National at Second and Main streets when that institution moves to the Lankershim corner at Third and Spring.

Bonds.

Ontario has voted against a bond issue of \$42,000 for high school purposes.

The Llewellyn school district, Los Angeles county, votes August 17 on a bond issue of \$400.

The Newport River Protection District, Orange county, will soon vote on an issue of \$183,000.

Santa Monica will soon vote on a bond issue for establishing a septic sewage tank and for another garbage incinerator.

The Board of Trade of Riverside has decided to recommend a bond issue of \$108,000 for sewers and storm drains and \$25,000 for a city hall.

The Imperial school district, San Diego county, votes August 14 on an issue of \$1,500.

The Bloomington school district, San Bernardino county, votes August 16 on an issue of \$700.

Monrovia votes August 17 on an issue of \$11,200 school bonds.

The bonds of the Montebello school district,

\$10,000, will be sold by the Los Angeles supervisors on August 5.

The Redlands Central Railroad Company will soon issue bonds in the sum of \$500,000. The trust deed has been made in favor of the Los Angeles Trust Company.

Redlands will sell \$75,000 in bonds on August 7.

W. F. Johnston, to whom \$35,000 of Huntington Beach school bonds has been sold, has refused to take the securities on account of irregularity of issue.

El Centro school district votes August 10 on an issue of \$1,500 of school bonds.

The Annandale school district bonds, Los Angeles county, will be sold by the supervisors on August 5. The issue is for \$19,000.

Glendale school district, Los Angeles county, votes August 10 on an issue of \$2,000.

Hermosa Beach votes August 10 on an issue of \$1,000 school bonds.

The Palms school district, Los Angeles county, has voted favorably on an issue of \$3,000 for school purposes. Another issue of \$25,000 or \$30,000 for a new school house is to be voted on later.

The Loara school district, Orange county, votes August 8 on an issue of \$600.

Tucson Arizona, has voted favorably on the proposed issue of \$50,000 school bonds.



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Said a young man the other day, "that the best thing that I could do would be to open a Savings Account in some strong, reliable bank."

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FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

Wilcox Bldg., corner Second and Spring.
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Statement at close of Business, May 20, 1907

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$11,016,893.66
Bonds, Securities, Etc.....	2,641,078.99
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	5,083,059.42

Total \$18,741,032.07

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	\$ 1,250,000.00
*Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	1,452,172.10
Circulation	1,233,200.00
Bonds borrowed	145,000.00
Deposits	14,660,659.97

Total \$18,741,032.07

*Additional Assets—One million five hundred thousand dollars. Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and held by the officers of the First National Bank as trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that bank.

Leaves to Cut

The Awakening of China.

Every American who thinks and who wishes to peer into the future should apply himself to a study of China. If you have not already read G. Lowes Dickinson's *Letters of a Chinese Official*, by all means get it. Two hours reading will easily suffice to give you an entirely new idea of the Chinaman and the way he lives—his ideals and his practices. Another important aid to this study will be found in Dr. W. A. P. Martin's *The Awakening of China* (Doubleday, Page & Co.). The author has spent many years in China and has watched the sluggish blood and the inert life of the nation being stirred to emulation by the neighboring Japanese. Viewing them as they are today, united in a firm resolve to break with the past by adopting the essentials of Western civilization, he feels convinced that a new era similar to that of Japan is about to open. These views, based upon facts which have come under the author's actual observation, are not without significance at the present hour when the possibility of Japanese aggression is admitted.

Dr. Martin's long experience with Chinese affairs leads him to believe that China is the theater of the most important events now taking place in the world. In comparison with the agitation in Russia it "shrinks into insignificance." Such a statement "staggers" the reader. People had come to think there was only one epoch with which convulsed Russia might reasonably be compared—the French Revolution. But when we keep in mind the fact that it is rather the social than the political fabric that the author is considering, his amazing statement seems not unreasonable. Moreover, it would be a dull imagination indeed that would not take fire in presence of recent events in the east.

When this veteran traveler and author assures that China today is able to mobilize an army of 100,000 trained troops, that the government has ordered the nucleus of a navy consisting of eight armored cruisers and two battleships, five of the latter of which are to be equipped with wireless telegraph, we are

inclined to treat with serious attention his inference that even Russia may have to take second place upon the sensational stage of the world.

"When about thirty years ago," says the author in his preface, "Japan adopted the forms of Western civilization, her action was regarded by many as a stage trick. What does the world think now," he asks, "as it looks on half dazed at the spectacle of the chancellors of Europe compelled to reckon with the 'British of the North Pacific'?" And, pointing to Japan's "huge neighbor," he declares his conviction that the future will reveal in that immense territory events equally startling on a larger scale.

As one reads these pages written from first-hand knowledge by a man evidently in sympathy with the people he describes one realizes how little is generally known about contemporary China. If we accept Dr. Martin's dictum (and there seems to be no reason for rejecting it) all of the usual impressions which are entertained regarding China's political and social status must be radically modified. The theory adopted by Voltaire in the celebrated *Essai* to the effect that China is essentially unchangeable, that a certain level of civilization is never over-passed, a theory generally adopted since his time, must fall to the ground. In an era when everything is changing the temper of the Chinese people we are assured is undergoing a change. They have become "restless as the sea and fickle as a weather vane."

The book is illustrated from clear photographs, all of which are really interesting. The portrait of the Chinese Emperor is that of a handsome man, while those of China's eminent statesmen show physiognomies that are strangely suggestive. Indeed, if physiognomy is the absolute induction of character that eminent authority declares it to be, one would be forced to admit that the Chinese are not inferior to their brilliant Mongolian neighbors.

George Record Peck's title book *The Kingdom of Light*, (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is the essay on this subject which was published several months ago in *Putnam's Magazine*. As the production of a prominent corporation lawyer in a western city, it may perhaps be described as a most remarkable confession. Mr. Peck tells us that Concord "was in its day, and will long continue to be, a greater force in this nation than New York and Chicago added to each other." In that elevated spirit his little book is written. The pity of it is that means will never be found for giving it such wide distribution among those who need its philosophy, as the help of a great railroad gave to *A Message to Garcia*. The reason is the spirit of our times. Hubbard's book had direct relation to industrial efficiency; Mr. Peck's relates to man's immortal soul.

A Novel Worth While.

The scene of the drama of *The Silent Door*, by Florence Williamson (McClure, Phillips, Co.) is laid in Joppa, a sleepy little village almost unaffected by what we call civilization. Joppa possesses a celebrity—a scholar and a recluse who has written a great work. Traveler, theologian, and philosopher, Justinian Penrith lends enviable distinction to the little village. Its yokels regard him with a species of awe. Every inhabitant of Joppa has seen

the two formidable copies of his book *My Travels In the Aegean Isles*, as they repose in state in the village store window, flanked by an assortment of rubber boots. A finely drawn character is this gloomy scholar whom fame has slighted and who dwells in peaceful obscurity among his books. The old philosopher has two links with humanity, Aunt Serena, his housekeeper, and his little adopted daughter, Rue. The former is an inimitable character, a natural born "duster" whose exploits in house-cleaning keep the scholar in continual terror. In little Rue, the author has given us an admirable study of childhood.

As the story develops, a dramatic element is introduced by the entrance upon the scene of the old philosopher's daughter, who has forsaken him on account of a family quarrel. There are some fine pages of description. The humor is abundant and genuine.

Florence Williamson in this, her first ambitious venture in fiction, has made a place for herself among the novelists of the day, all too few of whom are worth while. Her story is eminently human and sympathetic. By all means open the *Silent Door*.

Mr. Dana.

In a recent issue of *The North American Review*, Mays W. Hazeltine, for many years literary editor of the New York *Sun* pays a fine tribute to the powers of his late great chief, Charles A. Dana. In these days of degenerate newspapering, when the policies and standards of most of them are governed mainly by considerations of the business office, it is healthy to study Dana's ideals which are thus set forth by Mr. Hazeltine.



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